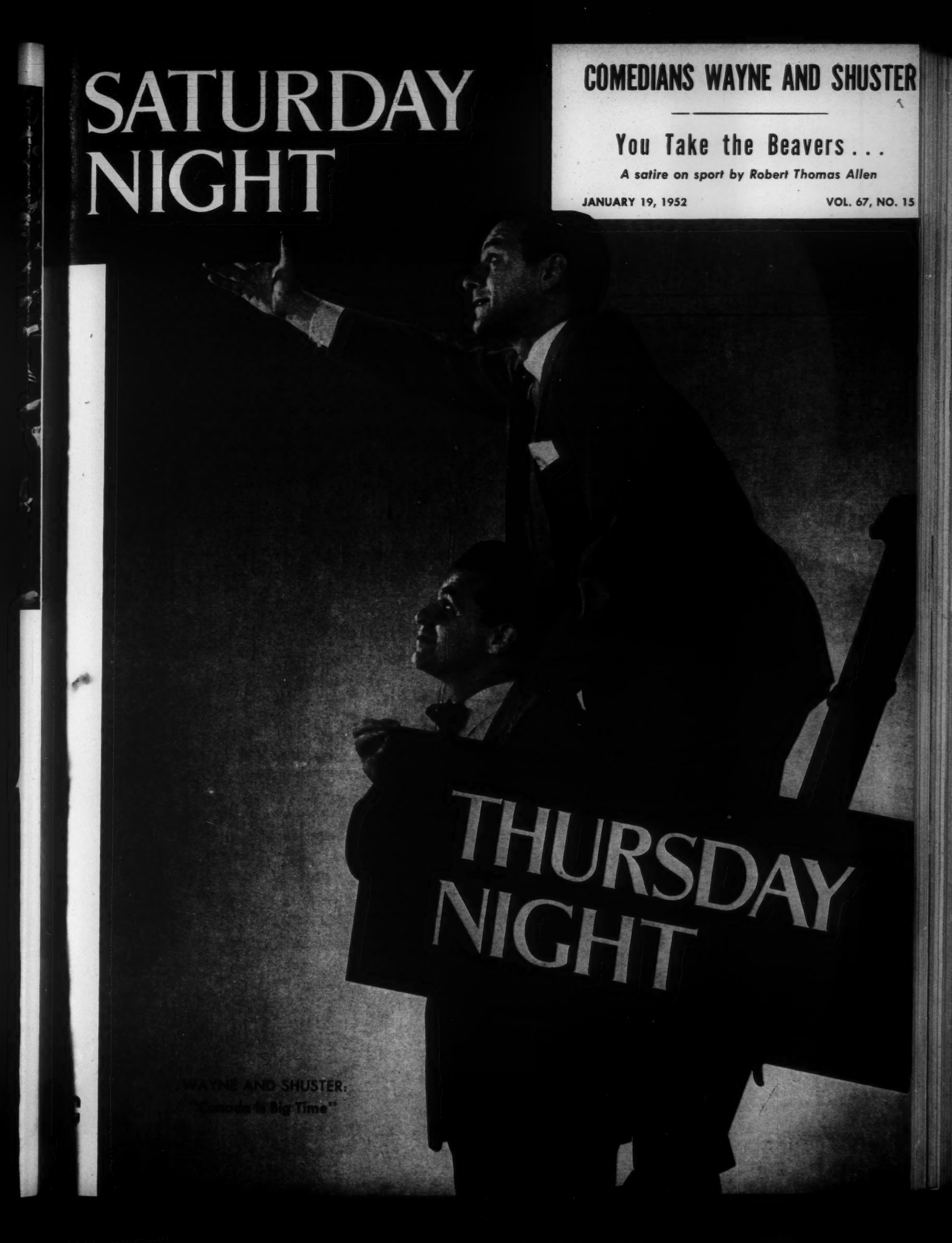
SATURDAY NIGHT

COMEDIANS WAYNE AND SHUSTER

You Take the Beavers . . .

A satire on sport by Robert Thomas Allen

JANUARY 19, 1952 VOL. 67, NO. 15



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The Andes: A wall on the west

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SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
Established 1887

Vol. 67 No. 15 Whole No. 3063

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BEHIND THE SCENES

THE NEXT ISSUE: In spite of a $9,000-weekly income, Canadian comedian Alan Young is reacting to the frustration mill that is Hollywood. So reports ROBERT WILLETT in a story on the talented young man; hints that Young's thoughts are turning towards Canada for the future . . . "Should generals on the losing side be hanged?" Major-General E. L. M. BURNS, distinguished Canadian field commander in World War II, analyzes the business of revenge when winners liquidate generals . . . Writing from New York, LOU GOLDEN says wide-open corruption is threatening to shake the Democratic party to its foundations . . . Staff editors BERNICE COFFEY and KENNETH ROBERTS report in story and pictures on what a Bermuda Holiday is like—how to get there; cost; best time to go; what to wear; what Bermudians are like . . . MICHAEL BARKWAY discusses "The Mystery of the Farmers' Income Tax". There is a big discrepancy between farmers' income tax returns from Quebec, Ontario and prairie provinces.

COVER: The enterprising gentlemen busy adjusting SN's banner to suit themselves are the comedy team of WAYNE AND SHUSTER whose weekly radio program "Thursday Night" is regular-listening fare for thousands of Canadians from coast to coast. Separating the famous name-combination for a moment—a combination, by the way, as closely welded as Weber and Fields, Frank Shuster (top) first teamed with Johnny Wayne in pre-war college days. They have been co-writers and producers of shows from the campus, through the Army to radio for over ten years. For a backstage glimpse of the country's major funnymen turn to Page 12.—*Photo by John Steele.*

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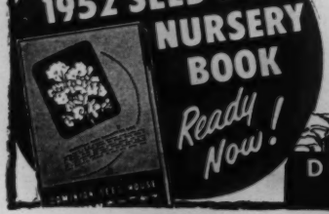

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OTTAWA VIEW

DEFENCE BUDGET NEAR DECISION

Total higher but NATO aid still uncertain

by Michael Barkway

THIS WEEK Canada must send her comments on the report of NATO's "Three Wise Men" calling for an additional defence contribution from Canada, Belgium and other countries. Involved in the answer is the Government's decision about next year's defence budget. The hope and intention was to settle at least its broad lines last week-end—the only time when Brooke Claxton and Douglas Abbott would be in Ottawa together.

If nothing went wrong with Claxton's travel plans, he was to be back from Korea on Jan. 11: Abbott had to leave for London on Jan. 13. In the short interval the Cabinet hoped to get this difficult business settled. The answer to the "Wise Men" is not therefore decided as this is written. But there are some probabilities.

It would be very strange, first, if Canada did not challenge the basis on which the "Wise Men" (Averell Harriman, Sir Edmund Plowden and Jean Monnet) want to assess us for more money. Their basis was the proportion of defence expenditure to gross national income. On this basis the United States is out ahead; Britain and France come next, and Canada trails them. But very few people there would admit this basis to be a fair guide by itself. And even if it were, Canada seems almost bound to challenge the proposition that we should catch up with Britain and France. Because the figures which they both put down, and which the "Wise Men" used, seem to be highly unreal. Winston Churchill has openly admitted that Britain cannot attain its planned program. The French figures are at least as theoretical.

It seems clear that Canada must argue that our real effort cannot be compared with other people's paper plans.

The "Three Wise Men" went on to suggest that Canada's additional contribution should take two forms: military supplies and economic aid. And apparently they put their main emphasis on economic aid. There is not much chance of the Cabinet accepting this one. The things which the "Three Wise Men" want us to give away — wheat, aluminum, base metals — are the backbone of the export trade on which we depend. So long as we sell them for dollars our balance of payments with the United States is manageable. If we start giving them away, the whole pattern of our trade would be falsified. I think the Government will insist that anything we do give away to NATO should be kept on a military basis.

(This doesn't imply, incidentally, that the U.S. should do the same. It will be argued here that the overwhelmingly strong leader of an alliance has to do things which are not necessarily appropriate for its smaller partners.)

What Arms Aid?

THE big question which remains is whether Canada can substantially step up her military aid to NATO in the next financial year. This is where the tussle will develop, if there is any tussle, in the Cabinet.

The defence program for 1952-53 is already largely fixed in the real physical terms of men, guns, aircraft, buildings and ships. The three-year plan has to be pursued evenly. To meet it in real terms will already take more dollars than the $1.7 billion of last year's budget: arms production is getting into its stride and prices are dearer. Also we are already committed to various forms of mutual aid, adding up to $228 million. More than a third of this will be spent on

—Norris in the Vancouver Sun

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the NATO Air Training Plan; some will provide more arms out of post-war stocks; and the remainder will pay for new weapons for our allies (notably aircraft and electronic equipment).

With all this totted up the Cabinet has to decide whether it would be right to take yet more out of the Canadian economy to give away additional arms.

Broad decisions will have been taken about all this by the time you read SATURDAY NIGHT. My personal guess is that the determination of Prime Minister St. Laurent and Lester B. Pearson to see that Canada is not a laggard will find some means of stretching our arms aid in the coming year. But the Cabinet is in a fairly hard-boiled mood; and I don't believe theoretical calculations about the proportion of national income devoted to defence will cut much ice. Certainly there's no intention of letting mutual aid contributions upset the Canadian economy.

Break for Consumer?

THE tiny drop in the cost-of-living index (from 191.2 to 191.1 on December 1) is confidently expected here to be only the beginning. There's a pretty good hope that the consumer is in for some of the breaks at last—provided that he (or she) has enough sense to go on being choosy.

The contentious question is how much the abolition of resale price maintenance has to do with the price breaks. The Government is making no claims—yet. It is still canny.

I think this is wise. Obviously the minor turn in the cost-of-living index owes nothing to the resale price maintenance law. Price-maintained goods play only a very small part in the index, and the law was not even enacted when the turn came. The price decline started at the wholesale level back in the summer. It was very slow in reaching the retail level. This was one of the things which emphasized how rigid the Canadian economy was becoming.

But consumers continued to hold off. Many dealers were getting pretty worried about their stocks—as some of the trade-ins showed. An unusually high rate of bankruptcies was prophesied for January and February. Many retailers were going to need their January sales pretty badly.

The movement of consumer goods was teetering in uneasy balance between sellers hoping to ride out the barren months and buyers determined to wait for lower prices. The sellers might have been the first to capitulate in any case. Abolition of resale price maintenance perhaps tipped the balance more decisively in favor of the consumers.

It gave retailers a chance to try clearing their stocks by price reductions. It gave them the option of trying for higher turnover at lower prices. The result may even be to avert some of the threatened bankruptcies. But this is a more or less fortuitous result of the new law's impact on a high-inventory position. Lasting results will show better when inventories are nearer normal.

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Next Week

Watch for . . .
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. . . a SATURDAY NIGHT Travel feature

RADIO FREE SPEECH

THE PITCHES ARE LIMITED

by B. K. Sandwell

THE recent controversy over the principles that ought to govern the admission of unorthodox ideas to the radio in Canada has had one most valuable effect: it has shown the strength of the attachment of a great majority of Canadians to the principle of freedom of speech.

Those who argued for limitation on the radio fell into the unfortunate error of talking as if they were arguing for limitation in all methods of communication, and thus gave the opponents of limitation on the radio an opportunity to talk as if the special character of radio were not the sole real cause of the discussion. A favorite argument was: If you are going to keep Mr. Bertrand Russell from arguing for free love or against immortality on the radio, you will next try to keep him from arguing on those subjects in books, in periodicals and on the lecture platform. And indeed those who objected to Mr. Russell on the radio did manage to sound as if that was exactly what they would like to do.

Now unlimited freedom of speech — freedom of speech limited only by the statute laws against indecency, libel, sedition and incitement to violence—is pretty well recognized as one of the essential elements of democracy by a great majority of the people of Canada, including a vast number of people who do not share the views of Mr. Russell on free love or on immortality. It was a sound instinct that led this majority to rally to the banner of those who have been proclaiming that unlimited freedom of speech is necessary and proper on the radio as well as in the other methods of communication.

Nevertheless, while the instinct was sound, the theory is wrong. Unlimited freedom of speech is impossible and unworkable on the radio, and if the supporters of freedom of speech do not learn to draw the appropriate distinctions between the media in which unlimited freedom of speech is necessary and proper and those in which it is not, they will eventually land themselves in trouble.

For on any proper theory of freedom of speech Mr. Bertrand Russell has, and should have, an absolute right to argue for free love and against immortality in print and on platform wherever he can find an audience of people who want to hear him, and that audience has an absolute right to hear him. There is no such absolute right either to argue or to hear argument on the radio.

THE essential point of the distinction is as simple as it could possibly be. Let us take Hyde Park, in London, as the outstanding example of unlimited freedom of speech; it is commonly cited as such an example, and serves the purpose very well. The reason why unlimited freedom of speech is workable in Hyde Park is that the number of possible "pitches," or places where the speaker can speak and the hearers can hear, greatly exceeds the number of persons wishing to speak and the number of groups wishing to hear them. (The situation with regard to communication by printing is identical; anybody can get anything printed, just as anybody can get a "pitch.")

Even if Hyde Park became overcrowded, there would still be other parks in London where potential Bertrand Russells could locate. But if there were no other parks, and the number of speakers and audience groups exceeded the number of possible pitches, somebody would have to allocate the pitches, and the instant you do that you are substituting regulation by authority for absolute and unlimited freedom of speech.

Now that is exactly the situation in radio. The number of pitches is extremely limited. Nobody therefore has an absolute right to the use of a pitch; somebody has to say who shall orate on what pitch at what time. You can-

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ot get away from it. You may have ll sorts of different opinions as to ho shall have the say. The owners of rivate radio stations in Canada really ant the station to have the say, which ould mean simply that unlimited reedom of speech on the radio would xist for owners of stations but not for nybody else.

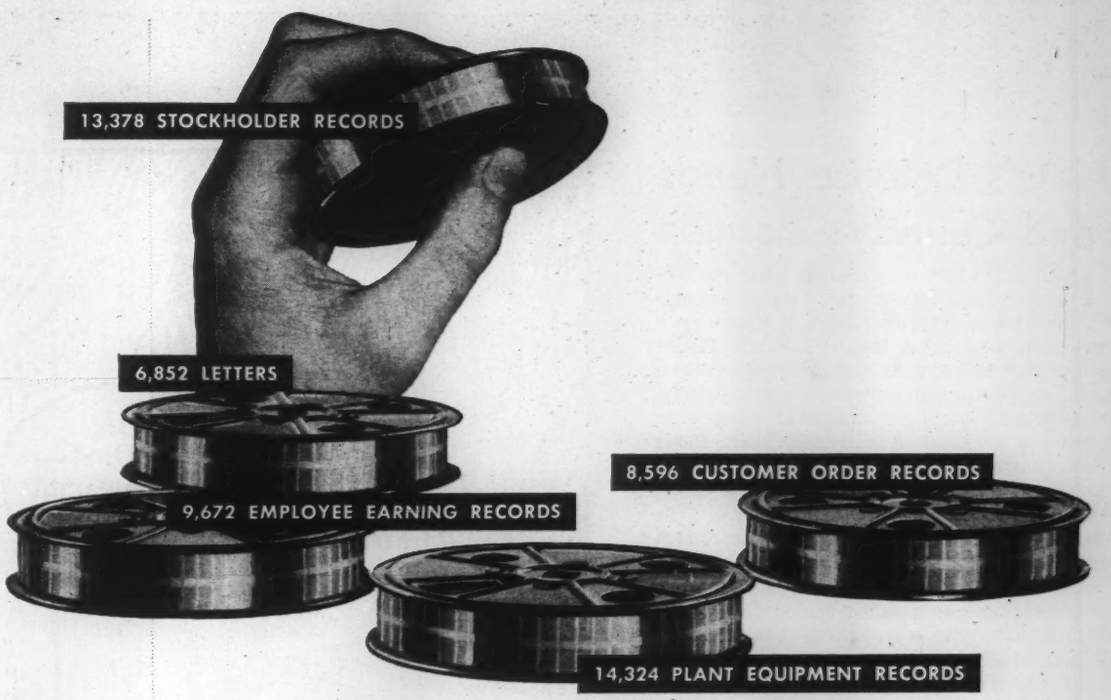
(You cannot go out and make ourself a new station when no existg station will let you on the air, as ou can go out and make yourself a ew pitch if all the other pitches are ull; the CBC has to recommend the epartment of Transport to give you licence, and nobody would be more nnoyed than the private station ownrs if the CBC started recommending ew licences just to accommodate Ir. Russell because he couldn't get me on the existing stations. Anyow the supply of available wavengths would soon run out.)

UT IF the station is not to have e say, then the authority which conols the station must have the say, nd that is no more a condition of nlimited freedom of speech by radio han if the station had it. Personally am entirely content that the CBC hould have it, and I think the CBC as on the whole exercised very well s power of saying who shall and ho shall not orate over the air. I eserve the right, in the name of free peech, to criticize its judgment on at point in any particular instance, nd I have criticized it in the case of Ir. Fred Hoyle and I may want to riticize it again; and I am violently pposed to the people who claim that Ir. Fred Hoyle has an absolute right o speak on the air and listeners have n absolute right to hear him.

MR. HOYLE has an absolute right the air, so have the Witnesses of ehovah, so would have any Canaian Hitler if we had one, so has Mr. red Rose, and so has any lunatic ho is not certified as a lunatic. All ese people have in my opinion an bsolute right, subject to the statute w, to speak in the park, to hire a all (except of course in Quebec), print and disseminate; these are e common rights of free speech. ut they have not an absolute right speak over the radio, because somebody has to determine who shall peak over the radio and who shall ot.

—Chambers in Halifax Chronicle-Herald

Doesn't Do Much for the Cash Register



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Good Reading in Next Week's SATURDAY NIGHT

ALAN YOUNG IS UP, IS DOWN—by Robert Willett
. . . the inside story on the Canadian comedian in Hollywood

SHOULD GENERALS ON THE LOSING SIDE BE HANGED? by Maj.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns
. . . the high cost of revenge when military leaders are liquidated

BERMUDA HOLIDAY—by Bernice Coffey and Kenneth Roberts
. . . a special Travel feature: when to go; how to get there; cost; what to wear

GRAFT, CORRUPTION AND THE DEMOCRATS—by Lou Golden
. . . scandal is shaking the Democratic party to its foundations

EDITORIALS

Nato's Defence Needs and Canada's Position

THE ATTEMPT to achieve a fairer distribution of the common defence burden amongst the North Altantic powers is becoming a serious challenge to our ideas of democracy. Highly qualified international authorities, with all the facts and figures before them, have reported that Canada and Belgium and some other countries are capable of an increased contribution. The Canadian Government, along with these others, has been in the process of deciding whether to accept this judgement, to modify it or to reject it. The decision rests entirely with the government of each country in its sole responsibility to its own electorate.

We have no fear at all that Mr. St. Laurent and his ministers will be swayed too much by the advice of any international body and too little by their own electors. The thing which does disturb us is that in reaching these vital decisions the Government is immune from the one proper and necessary democratic check. Democracy depends on the assumption that the broad mass of the people, given the facts, will reach the right conclusion upon them. But in this case the people are not given the facts. The people of Canada are not told what NATO's "Three Wise Men" think we should be doing. We are told only what our own Government thinks of our effort; and too often our own Government's appreciation is frankly vainglorious.

Military security admittedly imposes some secrecy in these matters. But the "Three Wise Men's" suggestions to Canada were not for increased forces. They were for increased aid in arms and raw materials. There may be good reason for resisting them. But it is difficult to feel sure of that without knowing what the suggesions were. There is an unfortunate air of absoluteness about decisions not subject to the judgement of an informed public.

CANADA'S GROWING NEED FOR MORE POPULATION
DEMANDS TO CUT IMMIGRATION
LOOK AT THAT— IT'S UNHEALTHY THAT'S WHAT
A FEW SPOTS OF UNEMPLOYMENT
John Collins

Can't See the Forest for the Trees

How Generous Can You Get?

SOME YEARS ago this journal was accustomed to find, and on occasion deeply to deplore, a certain lack of lightheartedness, of gaiety, of spontaneous effervescence in Canadian advertising, especially as compared with the advertising of the supposedly staid and sober British. The text, the reading matter, of advertisements in this country was, we used to complain, stodgy, factual and unimaginative, and particularly deficient in humor; and this seemed the more odd because the pictorial matter of the same advertisements was already, in those days, developing the high qualities which distinguish it today. We sought an explanation in the theory that an artist was always an artist even when drawing for an advertisement, whereas perhaps a literary genius might cease to be a genius when called on to function as a copy-writer.

But things are certainly improving even in the copy-writing business. New Year's Day is not a day on which a department store can hope to do much except build a bit of goodwill. That may be one reason why Eaton's was ready to devote a whole beautiful page to a poem entitled "Happy New Year, Toronto!" which had just the qualities that we have long yearned for, and which the accompanying artist had clearly taken the deepest pleasure in illustrating. The poem even included a kindly reference to "the doughty Robert Simpson Co.," qualified only by the very reasonable reflection:

> "Say, how generous can you get
> In the name of etiquette?"

This is the kind of thing that we should like to see a lot more of in Canadian advertising. It helps to make the advertising institution into a personality, instead of a mere matter of a balance-sheet and a board of directors—whom the public is inclined to think of as meeting once a month, all in frock-coats, to decide how much the price spread should be increased. It suggests that the corporation has a soul, and can even chuckle.

A Mandatory Task

IN THE NEXT few weeks the Government's agencies of financial control — the Department of Finance and the Treasury Board—will be conducting their annual attempt to pare the estimates of expenditure for the succeeding financial year. They will no doubt be applying a particularly rigid test this year. The civilian departments of Government are already facing increased costs for salaries and wages, and it will require drastic pruning of their activities to keep their total budgets within reasonable distance of last year's figures.

While the need for strict economy cannot be contested, there is always a danger of the axe falling in the wrong place. So far as the home departments are concerned it is safe to rely on the departmental ministers and the pressure of political demands to prevent any really beneficial activity being unduly curtailed. There is much more danger of short-sighted views limiting external commitments which ought to be undertaken. Last year the Government got $25 million for the Colombo Plan for development of South-East Asia. It is being divided between India and Pakistan, and it now seems likely that the whole sum will be committed within this financial year, even though $10 million out of India's $15 million will be spent on wheat.

This is a task to which Canada is committed in partnership with other Commonwealth countries. We were late in getting our program going, but now it is being efficiently organized under Mr. Nik Cavell. Next year's contribution must not be less than another $25 million.

Still Another By-Law

CIVIC bylaws, making it an offence punishable by law to serve the public by selling gasoline after hours, have added to the difficulties of motorists in too many communities in Canada. Now Winnipeg has gone a step further. It has banned self-serve gasoline stations. If a case can be made that the self-serve station creates a danger to the public, the Winnipeg City Council is justified in its action. If, as *The Winnipeg Tribune* charges, this is just another step to eliminate competition, it is time public opinion let city councils know that the practice of legislating for minority pressure groups against the interests of the general public is not the way to get re-elected.

Mr. Churchill's English

MR. CHURCHILL, we gather from an article in the Winnipeg *Free Press* by Bruce Hutchison, has been caught by some alleged scholar "in two grammatical errors on a single page". We should like

to know the name of the scholar in order that we may publicly question his scholarships. His charge is that Mr. Churchill wrote, and should not have written, that at a certain time his business with Roosevelt "moved quicker", and that at some other time "each of the joint staffs had behind them a considerable group" of high staff officers. Mr. Hutchison comes to Mr. Churchill's support in a half-hearted sort of way by saying that the grammatical dictates which are here defied are "trifling rules" which "Mr. Churchill shoulders aside". We go much further; they are not rules at all, and Mr. Churchill was writing perfectly good English.

"Quicker" obviously modifies "move", and move is a verb, which can be modified only by an adverb. Well, so what? "Quicker" *is* an adverb; everybody (except Mr. Hutchison's unnamed "scholar") uses it as an adverb; that it is also an adjective makes no difference. If we were telling Mr. Hutchison—or his scholar—how to get to our house, we should say: "You take such-and-such a streetcar, but a taxi will get you there quicker". It would be pure pedantry to say "more quickly".

As for the joint staffs, the word "them" does not refer to the plurality of staffs but to the plurality of officers in each of them. Mr. Churchill could just as well have said, "the joint staff in each case had behind them", because a staff can be either "it" or "they" according to whether you are thinking of it as a body or as individuals. We say "the staff was determined that the enemy should not get through", but we do not say "the staff was throwing their (or its) hats in the air".

But anyhow, according to the *Free Press's* interpretation of the effect of an election, the question was settled by the British electors. Mr. Churchill's book came out just before the election. Mr. Churchill was returned with a comfortable but not excessive majority. The electors have spoken. "Moved quicker" is now good grammar in all countries under the British parliamentary system, whatever it was when Mr. Churchill wrote it.

Mr. Vernon Knowles

EDITORIAL comment across Canada reflects the exciting career in journalism of Vernon Knowles whose death occurred in Montreal. Before he took over the task in 1937 of humanizing the Canadian banks as head of the Bankers Association's public relations, he had served as news chief of papers as far apart as Winnipeg, Miami, and Toronto. His adventures in the early western days will make good copy for future writers of memoirs.

In leaving the newspaper field for the more restrained circle of corporation public relations, Mr. Knowles maintained his nation-wide newspaper connection. It was not generally known that as a trustee of the National Newspaper Awards established by the Toronto Men's Press Club he was actively engaged in seeking to secure recognition of the great improvements made in newspaper writing in Canada.

It was typical of Vernon Knowles that one of the last functions he attended in Toronto was a party he gave himself for former *Mail and Empire* colleagues to cheer a former office boy who did not know himself that he was suffering from an incurable disease.

New Job for New Londoner

WHEN the Government decided to enlist the services of experienced businessmen in the defence production program, it very wisely accepted the fact that they cannot reasonably be asked to leave their private work for too long a stretch. One by one some of the key men in the Department of Defence Production are being released and replaced. Most recently Mr. F. S. McGill gave up his job as director of the aircraft division to return to the Dominion Oilcloth and Linoleum Company. He has got the division well launched and Canada's aircraft program well under way. To succeed him Mr. C. D. Howe has made an interesting appointment. Mr. E. V. Rippingille Jr. has gone to Ottawa from the General Motors Diesel engine factory at London, Ont.

Mr. Rippingille came to Canada from the United States only in the summer of 1949 to take charge of the new London factory. His new appointment

—TDF

MR. E. V. RIPPINGILLE JR.

shows how quickly he has taken his place in Canadian life. The *London Free Press* already refers to him as a "Londoner." At the head of the aircraft division Mr. Rippingille has a key place in the defence program. His job is to see that the RCAF gets the aircraft it wants with the minimum of difficulty and delay, and to help the fast-growing aircraft industry to do the best job it is capable of doing. This is the largest single slice of our rearmament program. It is a field well fitted to the potential skills of our people, in which Canada is acquiring steadily greater importance.

Work for Partially Fit

EVERY time a medical examination becomes a condition of employment, the problem of providing work for the physically handicapped is increased. There are thousands of individuals who could not pass medical tests who are able to work and many of them will live longer than some of those who can easily pass any test.

The establishment by the Toronto General Hospital of a rehabilitation centre where vocational counsellors will work to break down the prejudice against the partially disabled is one of the more encouraging features about the hospital's $14-million campaign.

Disabilities sometimes mean the need for an entirely new type of work. Medical experience indicates that the partially crippled, once readjusted, have many years of usefulness in new occupations.

It is, however, sometimes easier to find work for the obviously crippled than to find a new job for the man who, because of what may not be a serious physical defect, can no longer pass the medical examinations now becoming more general because of pension schemes, insurance and other benefits which so many companies now provide.

This is a national problem adding to the cost of welfare and adding to the unhappiness of many persons whose greatest desire is to live useful lives.

Shades of Shaw

A BRITISH medium named Geraldine Cummins claims to have received a communication from the spirit of George Bernard Shaw, now located in a place which he apparently calls Summerland. A curious feature of the communication is that Shaw seemed unable to remember his mother's name. He has, however, met Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb.

Absolute proof that this communication proceeds from Mr. Shaw's spirit, and not from somebody else's spirit masquerading as Mr. Shaw's, is somewhat lacking. A circumstance which to our mind is far more suspicious than the little matter of the mother's name is the spirit's apparent complete carelessness about royalties. Mr. Shaw was notorious for never handing out copy "for free", or at least without very strong reasons for doing so, and we are sure that his spirit's first instruction to Miss Cummins would have been to get the communication copyrighted and hand the proceeds to the Shaw Foundation.

Ike Declares Himself

GENERAL EISENHOWER has spoken at last. Having proven conclusively in 1948, when he was begged to accept the nomination of either party, that he had no personal ambitions for the presidency, and having resisted for the past year perhaps the greatest political clamor of modern times, he has now made his intentions sufficiently clear to open the way for his backers, led by the able and attractive Senator Lodge, who won't be such a poor presidential prospect himself by 1956. What Ike has said, in essence, is: I am a Republican, I will not seek the nomination, I will not ask to be relieved of my job in Europe, I will not participate in pre-convention activities, BUT "others" have a perfect right to do as they are doing in organizing a campaign to win me the nomination, Senator Lodge rightly interprets my views, and (in effect), *if nominated, I will run.*

Now everything is set for the presidential primaries. New Hampshire's is important just because it comes first, on March 11; Wisconsin's, on April 1, because it is one of the few primaries openly designed to give the voters the actual choice of their presidential candidate, and pledges the state's delegates to support the primary winner at the subsequent party convention. Oregon's primary, following in May, is similar, and shows how the tide is flowing. Thus in 1944 the Wisconsin primary was the graveyard of Wendell Willkie's career, while in 1948 it was the springboard for Harold Stassen—whose flop came later, in Oregon.

This is the Great Game which will fascinate and preoccupy our American friends until at least midsummer. If Eisenhower should then be chosen over Taft for the Republican nomination, it should be all over but the shouting. The polls have for years shown him as trimming every other candidate in either party, and it has been professionally predicted that he would even carry normally democratic Southern states. We're only spectators in the gallery, up here, and not supposed to cheer or heckle, but we can't help it if we too "like Ike."

NEWS ABOUT PEOPLE

NEXT MONTH WALTER KAUFMANN is to hear the world première of his opera, "A Parfait for Irene", at the University of Indiana. Composer Kaufmann is the permanent Conductor of Winnipeg Symphony Orchestra and has also been conducting the successful children's concerts — over 21,500 children have attended since 1941.

■ Toronto's Upper Canada Old Boys' Association has the right to name three Governors to the College's Board of Governors. Just recently, Old Boys all over the world cast their ballots. One ballot even came from Korea. And the three new UCC Governors are: SN's Editor Emeritus, B. K. SANDWELL, who was Head Boy of the College in 1893; FOSTER HEWITT who was SN Cover Man for the issue of Jan. 5 and who is Chairman of the UCC Hockey Night Committee (1952 Hockey Night, Jan. 18); and JACK MAY who captained the hockey team back in 1930.

■ Some 60 delegates representing 20 Canadian university papers met at McMaster University in Hamilton, Ont., and discussed topics of interest to their respective campus papers. Since a number of editorial staffs had been in hot water with recognized authority, one of the most hotly debated subjects was whether student newspapers should be responsible to the university administration, the elected student officials or the student body as a whole. General agreement: responsible to the student body.

Winner of the Southam Trophy for the best campus newspaper over 3,000 circulation was *The Varsity*, the University of Toronto daily. For circulation under 3,000, *The Silhouette* of McMaster, for third consecutive year; and for the best French-language, *Le Carabin de Laval* in Quebec City.

■ Canadian theatre is going to help win a Canadian girl her MA at the University of North Carolina. NORMA CARTWRIGHT of Regina and a grad of University of Saskatchewan is down there taking post-grad work in Dramatic Art and is writing her thesis on the state of the Canadian theatre. She got the idea of going to North Carolina U from GWEN PHARIS RINGWOOD of Edmonton, while attending the Banff School of Fine Arts a couple of years ago. Playwright Ringwood was lecturing at Banff; had attended the U.S. university and was enthusiastic about it. "Down there we work 28 hours out of the 24," said Norma.

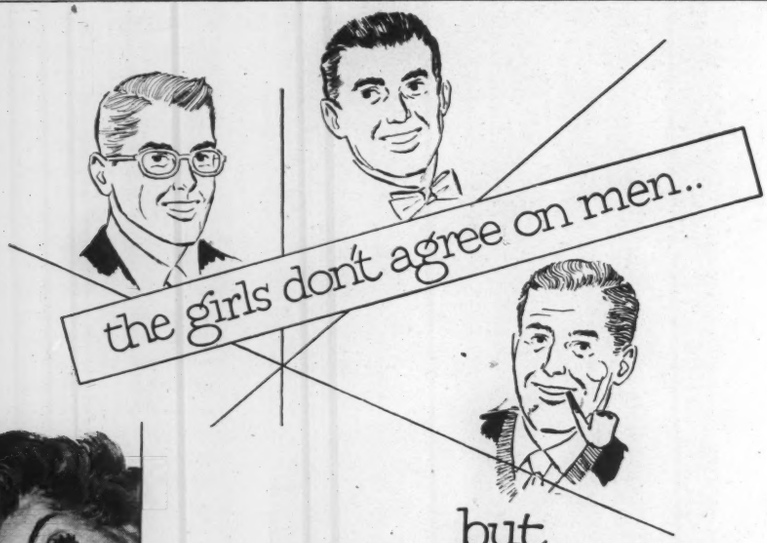
■ A *man* is 1951 *crochet* champ. It happened to a 43-year-old Winnipeg policeman, FRANK VOLLETT. He not only won the crown but $100, too, in the Canada-wide crochet contest of the Canadian Needlecraft Association in Montreal. He started crochet-work a year ago when he was hospitalized and had a long convalescence.

■ Ontario and Alberta contributed top award winners for the Nuffield scholarships—for 6-month study of agriculture in the U.K. Winners are: 29-year-old DONALD SMALL of Iona Station, Ont., who operates a 325-acre farm, and 24-year-old BRUCE ELLIS of Hubalta, Alta., who helps his family farm 1,100 acres.

■ Chief of Radiology in the Jewish General Hospital, Montreal, is DR. ISIDORE SEDLESKY, a McGill grad who was on the staff of the Beth Israel Hospital, Boston. He has lectured at Harvard and Tufts College medical schools.

■ Last week the CBC presented a musical satire by MAVOR MOORE, based on Voltaire's "Candide." This Wednesday Night production had a double cast—one for the acting and one for the singing. The exception was TOMMY TWEED who sang and acted the role of the hero's tutor. This is Moore's first full-length musical, although he has written sketches and songs for the New Play Society's annual revue, "Spring Thaw."

■ The Art Gallery of Toronto scored last Fall with their Hapsburg collection show and last week they opened another outstanding one — which will run to Feb. 3. This is an exhibition of the work of the world-famous sculptor, IVAN MESTROVIC, who holds the honor of being the only living artist to have a one-man show at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.



but they do agree on..

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COLORADO SNOW IS GOOD: DEEP, DRY AND FRESH

PORTS OF CALL

SKI-TIME AT TIMBERLINE

by **Pearl Anoe**

IT'S FUN to ski in Colorado, the state that tops the United States not only in altitude, but with its powder snow, sunshine and shadows in Alpine scenery. Here skiing has forged forward in the past few years until the ski capital has shifted to Denver, the state capital.

Five new ski centres have been added for 1951-52, in addition to those already popular. The new Nederland, 31 miles west of Nederland on the Caribou Road, Roosevelt National Forest, is reached via State 119, and is 17 miles from Boulder, in Denver's back yard. Ashcroft, in the famed Aspen region, offers a fine touring area, and down in the San Juan National Forest is Stoner, 28 miles from Cortez, reached via State 145. Near Estes Park is Rock Creek, at Allens Park, with good accommodations at Allens and Estes Park, and Boulder.

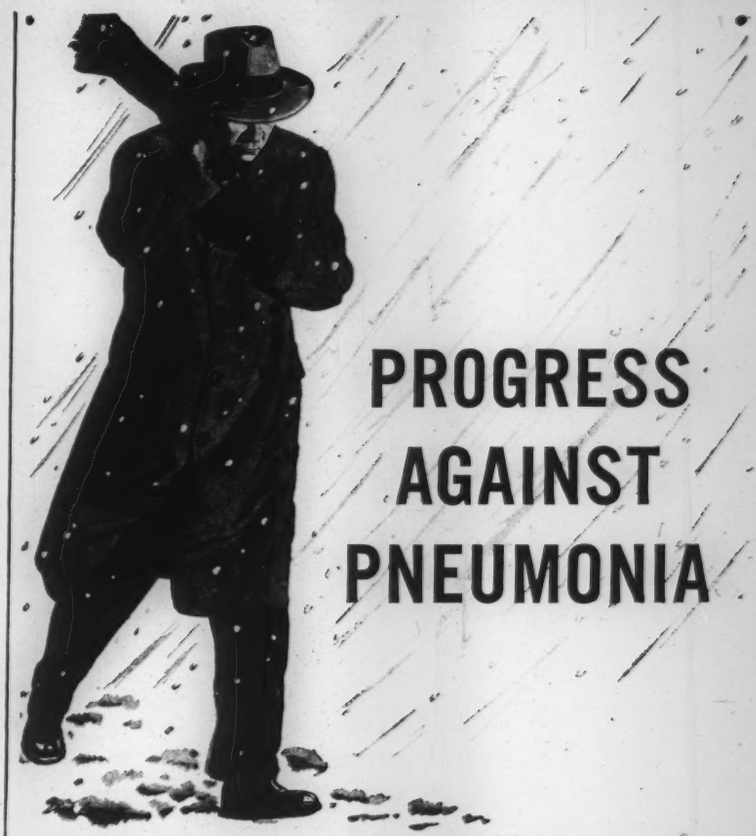
Colorado offers other winter sports: hockey squads, recreational and competitive ice skating, and Aspen now has husky teams available.

Aspen, famous throughout the world for its skiing, has been busy smoothing and widening the Spar Gulch trail from the Sundeck down, and novices can now ride to the Sundeck and be assured the terrain is suitable for their instruction every foot of the way down.

The railroad operates ski trains week-ends from Denver to Winter Park, noted for its excellent skiing and scenery. Trains are equipped with racks in each coach for ski equipment. A ski bus travels Highways 60 and 6 to Winter Park, and at nearby Berthoud Pass there are 11 more trails and 4,800 feet of chair lifts and tows.

—John F. Orwiller. Photos courtesy state of Colorado

STEAMBOAT SPRING IS ONLY FOUR HOURS FROM DENVER



PROGRESS AGAINST PNEUMONIA

One of the major achievements of medical science is the progress that it has made against pneumonia. A recent study shows, for example, that for every person who now succumbs to pneumonia, three or four were claimed by it as recently as 15 years ago. This gain has been made possible by improved methods of treatment — including increasingly effective medicines.

Yet, pneumonia is still an important disease — especially among infants and elderly people. It takes an annual toll of about 6,000 lives in this country. Doctors say that this toll could be reduced if the skills of medical science were used *promptly* — at the first signs of pneumonia. This is because the new antibiotic drugs work best when given in the early stages of this disease. So, during the winter everyone should be alert to these warning symptoms of pneumonia:

1. **A severe, shaking chill followed by fever.**
2. **Coughing accompanied by sharp pains in the chest.**
3. **The appearance of rust-coloured sputum.**
4. **Difficult or laboured breathing.**

Certain types of pneumonia may occur without these symptoms. However, if they do appear, call a doctor promptly, go to bed, and remain quiet.

Remember, too, that a neglected cold — particularly if accompanied by fever only a degree or so above normal — may be a forerunner of pneumonia. Even if fever does not occur, it is always wise to take care of a cold, especially one that "hangs on." Stay home and rest if you can, eat lightly, and drink plenty of fruit juices and other liquids.

While medical science can assure recovery from respiratory infections in a vast majority of cases, *prevention* is still largely up to *you*. To guard against pneumonia — as well as colds, influenza, and other respiratory conditions — the following precautions are advisable:

Try to build up your resistance: get plenty of sleep, avoid excessive fatigue, and eat a well-balanced diet.

Dress warmly when going out, especially during cold, damp weather.

Keep away from people who cough or sneeze carelessly.

The wisest precaution of all, however, is to keep in the best possible physical condition — for those with the most resistance and vigour have a definite advantage in avoiding pneumonia and other winter ailments.

Metropolitan's booklet, **12-T,** "Respiratory Diseases," contains helpful information on many respiratory ailments. Simply fill in and mail the coupon for a copy.

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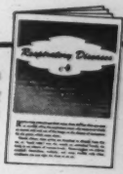
Please send me a copy of your booklet, **12-T,** entitled "Respiratory Diseases."



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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Owning a Home

I WAS VERY interested in the article "Today's Housing Problem" by J. A. Rhind in December 8 issue.

Provided one can afford it, *the time to buy a house*, like the time to buy a good dinner, *is when you need one*. No one can say if prices are going up or down but over the long term the price of houses has always advanced and the value of the dollar has always declined.

Some advantages of home ownership are:

(1) Compulsory saving like life insurance resulting in financial independence and security.

(2) A stake in the community and therefore an enhanced interest in your neighborhood and civic government.

(3) A sense of security and background for your children.

(4) A place for your children to work and play without interference.

(5) A permanent place to make friends and develop hobbies such as gardening, carpentry, etc.

(6) A home owner is his own master and can decide to move or not move in accordance with his own desires.

(7) A home is a sheet anchor to windward when times are bad.

Quite apart from the benefits of home ownership, I am positive that for comparable accommodation in Toronto at all times, the home owner gains financially as compared with the renter.

Toronto, Ont. A. O. MEREDITH

Coarse Grains Marketing

RE YOUR editorial in your issue of December 15, entitled "Governmental Marketing Upheld", I take leave to suggest that the Manitoba Plebiscite on Coarse Grains had nothing to do with the general system of Compulsory State Marketing. The plebiscite dealt with the pricing and marketing of coarse grains only.

Why should not farmers be satisfied? Under the present system they have the best of all worlds with coarse grains. They have a minimum price guaranteed by the Canadian Government in the form of the initial price, and, in addition, they enjoy the high open-market prices; because the price of coarse grains is not set by the Wheat Board but is registered from minute to minute by the Open Futures Markets of the Winnipeg Grain Exchange, and the bulk of oats and barley are marketed, not by the Wheat Board, but by members of the Exchange, who purchase the coarse grains daily from the Board on the Open Market.

Wheat, however, is an entirely different matter. The prices here are set by the Government, and are much lower than the Open Market prices as judged by Class II and by Chicago prices. Those who attended the recent meetings of the Farmers' Union at Saskatoon (2,000 farmers present) and at Winnipeg (600 farmers present) observed at once that almost 100 per cent of these farmers are most definitely discontented and disgruntled about the price of wheat; particularly about the low price at which farmers have to sell wheat on the domestic market for making into flour and bread for the comparatively well-off people of Canada.

My own opinion is that we shall hear a good deal more of this discontent on the part of prairie farmers on this wheat question as time goes on.

Some farmers are now beginning to ask: Why, if they are receiving what amounts to a floor price on coarse grains, and the average of the daily prices as registered by the Open Market, cannot they also have this same system with wheat? Particularly when prairie farmers notice that Eastern Canadian wheat growers are receiving 66 cents more a bushel for their wheat ($2.51 a bushel versus $1.85) than prairie farmers are being paid.

Winnipeg, Man. H. G. L. STRANGE

Afterthought

RE HUGH MacLENNAN'S article on the DP-culture influence on Montreal (Dec. 22). Very fine. We need the leavening of art, music and so forth. The only thing is, the DP's have brought with them, besides a taste for the arts, the memory of Buchenwald, Dachau and so on. And as for the leavening process: Hitler was an ardent Wagnerite.

Montreal, Que. C. E. LEDUC

New source of pure sulphur for pulp and paper industry is Shell's Jumping Pound petroleum gas plant in Alberta.

Petroleum "magic" makes the front page

IMAGINE not having a daily newspaper to read! Yet, without one important product—sulphur—there would be no newspapers.

So it's front page news to all that Shell's new Jumping Pound Gas Plant will substantially increase our supply of sulphur. Today, sulphur is in short supply due not only to increased demand but also to a decrease in Canada's share of the available world supply. Canada's paper industry imported 80% of its sulphur from the United States, but producers have had to cut back Canadian quotas to meet the demands of U.S. defence production planning.

Naturally, a serious paper shortage resulted. Thus, the development of new sources such as Shell's sulphur plant at Jumping Pound is of vital importance. At Jumping Pound, a catalytic converter will recover 30 long tons of elemental sulphur every day through the process of splitting molecules of petroleum acid gas.

This additional supply of a product so vital to Canadians is but another achievement through which Shell demonstrates leadership in petroleum research. Shell Research is your guarantee of quality petroleum products.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products — *more for your money*

SHELL OIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

Drawing by John Richmond

SPORTSPAGE-ISM: "Sports followers live in a private world of abacadabra all their own."

A SATIRE ON SPORTSMINDEDNESS

YOU TAKE THE BEAVERS . . .

by Robert Thomas Allen

EVERY NOW AND THEN I find myself flat on my back being smeared with shaving soap while some guy catches the point of my nose delicately between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, daintily holds a razor in the other, smiles affably through the soap and steam and says, "I see O'Grotski singled in the fourth, tripled in the sixth and knocked one into Perth Amboy in the ninth." I say, "Mmm". He goes on: "He always could hit against a left-handed pitcher in a strong north-east wind, on a Saturday afternoon when there's a faint haze in the southwest." I say, "Uhuh."

It isn't always a barber, of course. I run across these people everywhere, and it seems to me that they represent something that's happening to North American life that we could do without. I enjoy an occasional football game or a fight, and I have nothing whatever against athletes, professional or otherwise; but when the final whistle blows or the referee counts ten, I go home and relegate the event to its proper place along with, say, a solo by Wild Bill Davidson, a novel by Nevil Shute, a good English movie, a hot bath, a couple of dry martinis or any other pleasant, but strictly limited, human experience.

But hardly anyone else does. Athletics have undergone a change since the days when the term meant, according to Webster, "the games and sports of athletes," and now means the hobby, religion, literature, philosophy and first love of a large group of people who, incidentally, don't go in for games or sports themselves, but who think there's something wrong with anyone who doesn't belong to their cult. The whole thing has become so exclusive and ritualistic that sportswriters carefully word their reports so that only a fulltime club member can make out who beat whom, or what they were playing. It's a peculiar North American "ism," which might be called sportspage-ism, and for my money, anyone can have it.

FOR ONE THING, it's another form of artificiality in an already too artificial world. We don't dance to good jazz any more, we sit around and make wise remarks about it, and compare the guy on trombone to Mugsy Mole who played with the old Pine Top Blue Blowers in 1932. Men write prefaces to "War and Peace" longer than "War and Peace." Critics are more famous than authors.

And sports followers live in a private world of abacadabra all their own, particularly that worst of all sports followers, the baseball fan, who knows the shape of the second joint on the third finger of the man who played shortstop for the Dodgers in 1932, and the batting average, running time and cash value of every man in the league. The whole thing gets further away from such basic things as someone hitting a ball with a bat, or of twelve men pushing a football up a field, and becomes some weird academic game involving percentages, averages, points, and so many statistics that soon nobody will be able to really enjoy a game without a slide rule.

All this, of course, can get very exciting. You could arrange a contest between two old women pushing a ball of darning wool between two tea cosies, and if you got enough statistics about it, ran enough newspaper stories about how one old lady was always pushing a watermelon around with her bare feet in her home in the Ozarks; got a couple of sportswriters to give them funny, catchy names like "Stinky Emmy" and "Float Ball Flossy," described them in their training quarters practising with 100-pound balls of wool and told how Stinky Emmy could work best on a rainy day when her wool was nice and wet, then had Float Ball Flossy hold out for another ten per cent of the gate, you could have fans breaking one another's arms to see the event, and another group, who have no interest in sports either, selling them scalped tickets for twice their face value to help them get in. But it wouldn't have anything to do with any basic human experience, which is the trouble with organized sports. The whole thing is getting so dull that most sportswriters are turning into humorists, and exceedingly good ones, too.

A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE of where this sort of thing can lead is wrestling. Once upon a time at a real wrestling match, a big uncouth, unlikeable guy used a dirty trick and the crowd jumped to its feet and hollered, and some smart promoter realized the possibilities and next night told the tough guy, "Look, do that again, but there ain't no use in hurting the bum. After all, he didn't never do nothing to us, so maybe we'd just better tell him, so he can *look* like he's hurt."

The crowd got just as mad, so the promoter thought up a couple more things for the guy to do, and finally figured, "If this play-acting goes over so much better than wrestling, why horse around with wrestling at all, it takes up too much time." Pretty soon he made a lot of money, hired scriptwriters, and his only problem from then on was finding guys with muscles who could act.

Not that I'm comparing baseball or football or hockey with wrestling. I'm just pointing out the

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER

ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN *is a Canadian freelance writer for Canadian and American magazines.*

Thursday Night is the busiest night in the week for radio-gagmen Wayne and Shuster. And for their thousands of listeners it's also the funniest.

Wayne

by Ted Hughes

AT ABOUT EIGHT P.M. each Thursday night, in the control room of the CBC's McGill St. theatre studio in Toronto, Jackie Rae, a short, blond-haired man who serves as producer for a popular national radio program, leans toward a microphone and instructs the cast of the program to stand by for "the dress."

For the next half hour, "the dress"—radio's abbreviation for dress rehearsal—goes on. Any similarity between "the dress" and the program as it is broadcast at 9.30 p.m. is negligible.

Johnny Wayne and Frank Shuster, the comedy stars of the program, are largely responsible for this. But Samuel Hersenhoren, the show's musical director, Herb May, the announcer, Eric Christmas, the actor, and even Rae all make substantial contributions to the atmosphere of lunacy that pervades the studio during that half-hour rehearsal.

In what is unquestionably a classic understatement, Wayne comments: "We don't knock ourselves out for the dress."

Actually, the script of the show is, by this time, pretty well set. The music has been rehearsed several times during the week. Terry Dale, the program's singer, has her song down pat. May has long since decided just what superlatives his sonorous voice will employ to describe the sponsor's product this particular week. But all that doesn't matter.

From the opening announcement in the dress until the closing one, utter madness prevails. Wayne and Shuster decline to read any line as it is written. They won't miss a cue, but neither will they say what they intend to say on the air. And even if, by some chance, they can't think of a line to substitute and have to read right out of the script, they employ a sing-songy inflection in order to make the line sound as improbable as they can.

HERSENHOREN, conducting the orchestra a few feet away, is just as unpredictable. While May is reading a commercial, Sammy will carry on a loud conversation with Shuster.

On one such occasion, May blew a line and Hersenhoren, still waving his baton, said: "Oh, fine, Herbie. That's fine." Wayne, meanwhile, who had been sitting in one of the empty spectators' seats, darted up the aisle shouting: "Warm up Lorne Greene!"

May never batted an eye but continued reading the commercial.

A few minutes later, the orchestra was playing its number, a brisk popular tune. Rae came out of the control room to talk to Wayne—and had to shout in Johnny's ear to make himself heard above the brass section.

While Rae was talking, Wayne, on impulse, broke into a tap dance. Rae continued talking for another moment—then gave up and joined Wayne in the dance.

Eric Christmas suddenly decided to do a tap dance up the steps leading to the stage.

As soon as the orchestra had finished, everyone was in place and the dress continued—still running on time.

Rae was back in his booth and Wayne and Shuster were at the mike, going through a song they had written especially for this program. Wherever possible, substitutions were made in the lyrics (some of them unprintable), to the great and noisy appreciation of Hersenhoren and his distracted musicians.

Rae tried desperately to get their attention but was ignored. David Tasker, the sound effects man,

◀—John Steele

...and Shuster: Comedians

tried to help him out but Wayne and Shuster continued with their merry parody. Finally, Tasker grinned, shook his head and shrugged his shoulders. Rae lit a cigarette and shrugged back.

As the dress drew to a close, Wayne was at the microphone to give his usual thanks-for-listening-and-tune-in-again-next-week speech. For no apparent reason, he changed his line to read: "Next week we'll be back with a brand new orchestra."

Like every other ad lib during the rehearsal, this line was not used on the air, but it made Wayne feel better to say it anyhow. And Sammy got a laugh out of it.

When the rehearsal ended, a visitor to the studio, unfamiliar with the Wayne-and-Shuster rehearsal procedure, asked Shuster how Rae managed to know what the program was going to be like, on the basis of such a flimsy run-through.

"That's his worry," Shuster said, with a laugh suggesting insanity.

The program was, of course, smooth, polished and vastly amusing both to the 200-odd people who jammed the studio and the countless thousands across Canada who tune in each Thursday night.

THE REASON is that Wayne and Shuster, who are now in their tenth year in show business, have so mastered their art that they can do these weekly shows in their sleep. Actually, Wayne and Shuster corn up the final rehearsal to avoid going stale on their lines. And despite all the clowning, they, as well as Rae, know how the program will sound.

For all their off-the-air nonsense, the two comedians, Canada's top radio attraction, are shrewd practitioners of their trade. They still write their own scripts, as they always have, and they still know instinctively what will get a laugh and what won't.

One recent Thursday night, just before the dress, they sat down in the control booth to go over the script with Rae. He wanted some last-minute changes; there was a gag he didn't like.

They kicked it around for a few minutes and got nowhere. Then Wayne got up, went out to the studio and sat down at the piano. He tinkled about the keyboard for two or three minutes, then got up abruptly and re-entered the booth. "Here it is, fellows," he proclaimed. "I've got it."

He no sooner started to outline his substitute gag than Shuster, whose mental fund of jokes is as impressive as his partner's, picked up the pattern. The trouble was over. Rae was satisfied. The changes were pencilled into the script.

LIKE MOST other comics who have a reputation for ad libbing, what Wayne and Shuster have in reality is the ability to remember jokes. The ad lib is not necessarily a remark thought up on the spur of the moment. It is a well-remembered line (possibly with a variation) that fits the occasion.

Johnny and Frank have been around long enough to be able to keep up a running patter of witty remarks, on or off the air. They don't do this just to show off—it's the way they are made.

The Wayne and Shuster career, unparalleled in Canadian radio history, runs the usual course of the show business rags-to-riches theme. Born in Toronto, the boys met while attending Harbord Collegiate and lost no time in forming their memorable partnership. They collaborated on scripts for the school's dramatic club (the Oola-Boola Club, Shuster says it was called) and rapidly won recognition for outstanding talent in writing, producing and starring in variety shows.

Today, people still ask them how they have managed to work so well together all these years.

"I don't know," Wayne has said. "I guess it's because I smoke so much and Frank always has matches."

Shuster's answer is less flippant and closer to the truth: "Our senses of humor are exact opposites. Johnny's is very broad and mine is subtle. He overplays and I underplay and we meet halfway."

After running the gamut of school shows and other teenage theatrical endeavors, they broke into radio while still studying at the University of Toronto. They were doing post-graduate work in English and landed a program called "Wife Preservers," on which they gave recipes and household hints between gags.

Unfortunately, their English courses had not equipped them to answer questions about how to make rolled sandwiches without breaking the bread and so on. They sat up nights thumbing through reference books and women's magazines, often with little success.

"In an emergency," Frank later recalled, "we could wait outside the Household Economics building until Bea (now Mrs. Wayne) came out of class. Usually, she knew the answers or could tell us where to find them."

Next came a variety program for Buckingham cigarettes. Things were going along nicely until World War II came along and Wayne and Shuster decided to join the Army. They had just about completed their officer training when they were offered the opportunity of writing and producing an army show—but as sergeants. The ham in them couldn't resist.

Using a converted cloakroom in Toronto's Victoria Theatre as an office, Wayne and Shuster wrote—in eight weeks—all the material for the Army Show. As its stars, they toured Canada, then broke up the show into five overseas units. They took one of the units to Belgium, Holland and France.

With the war out of the way, they got back into radio, doing the Johnny Home Show, in which they dealt with returned men's rehabilitation problems in as giddy a way as possible.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 27

—Ken Bell

COLLABORATORS Wayne and Shuster write all their own material. Their partnership began at college, continued through the Army Show to full-time radio.

—Canada Wide

"MOTHER GOOSE" Christmas pantomime in Toronto's Eaton Auditorium is an annual venture for the team. They have had wide experience in producing.

Trinity Celebrates A Centenary

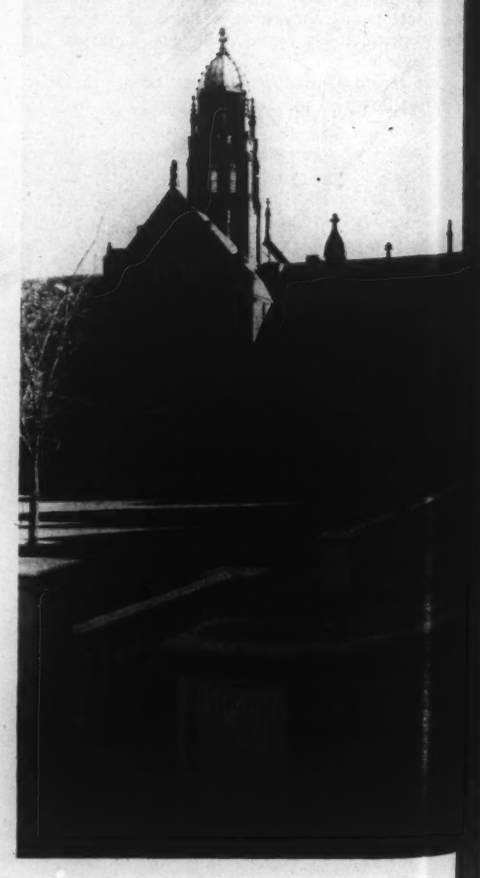
by Margaret Ness

—Group photos by Federal

PROVOST R.S.K. Seeley with "Ambrose", Dean R. K. Hicks (seated), Dr. P. A. Child.

MORNING COFFEE in the Buttery: Margaret Stilwell, head girl of St. Hilda's; Blanche Murphy in Divinity; Harold Macdonald, head man of Trinity; John Pettigrew, head of Arts; Andrew Watson, Editor, *The Review*.

UNUSUAL shot of Trinity from quadrangle.



THIS WEEK Trinity College, Toronto, starts the celebration of its Centenary. It can look back proudly at its record in the "humanities": 11 Rhodes scholars and over 4,000 living graduates.

One hundred years have naturally changed the College greatly—a new site, federation with the University of Toronto, more student freedom—but some of that "storied" past has been retained.

Take academic gowns, for instance. Trinity gowns are handed down through families until they are tattered relics—and even then they are worn on occasions. Gowns still must be worn at lectures and in the dining room, and if any undergraduate rashly ignores the dining room rule and the repeated shouts of "Gown", he is forcibly ejected, as he was 100 years ago.

Morning coffee in the Buttery (common room) is still practically compulsory. The Provost and his staff still continue to mingle there with the undergraduates, and you can get into a heated discussion in small groups on practically any subject.

If you are walking down a residence corridor and see a printed "Oak" sign on a student's door, you are looking straight into the past. In the old building, the rooms had two doors and when a student wanted privacy for study he closed both the regular and the oak door. The new building has no double doors but "Oak" means the same.

And one custom annoys the kitchen staff no end. It's called "Spooning the graduate", and is the custom of greeting a returning graduate-guest with resounding table-thumping with the spoons. Unfortunately it flattens out the utensils.

One hundred years ago on January 15, Trinity welcomed its first students into residence. The students—but not the first Provost. It was discovered, too late, that the architect forgot rooms for him.

TRINITY COLLEGE is now part of the vast University of Toronto, one of the many federated colleges and schools. Back in the early days such a union would have seemed an impossibility. Religion and politics ran high. All agreed that Upper Canada needed a university, but what was to be the governing authority? Free thinkers had the audacity to suggest the university be interdenominational.

Methodists and Presbyterians agreed with the Rt. Rev. John Strachan, the first Lord Bishop of Toronto, that education was "a Christian exercise." Then they found out that the Bishop interpreted "Christian" as "Anglican." So, no university—until Bishop Strachan beat the gun, so to speak. In 1827 he helped found King's College—staffed and directed by Anglicans. Then in 1850 didn't the Baldwin administration secularize the college!

But Strachan, now 73, wasn't through. He went to England and got financial support for an Anglican university. The established Upper Canada School of Medicine offered to become a faculty. A site was chosen — well outside To-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 17

WORLD AFFAIRS

Next, A Churchill Plan

by Willson Woodside

THE ECONOMIST thinks it is time to launch a new plan, and that this should be a "Churchill Plan." A new stage-point in international affairs has been reached, the noted British weekly argues, with the vote on the Schuman and Pleven Plans in Europe, the charting of a new course for NATO by the "three wise men", and Mr. Churchill's visit to America to lay out a joint Anglo-American program.

There is a great deal to be said for "packaging" these into a plan, it claims. And since the U.S. is tied up in an election campaign and, moreover, is looking to the Europeans for proof of a greater will to cooperate, and since the French have already produced two plans, it is the turn of the British, who have a government fresh in office, and feeling the need to show that it is going somewhere.

SO THE BALL LIES AT Mr. Churchill's feet. His plan should be for three years: "two more years of effort and a third year of relief, recuperation and readjustment." "The watchword should be that either war or peace will break out on January 1, 1954, and that in either case the Western world must be ready to sink or swim with what it has completed up to that date."

The second stipulation is that inflation must be kept in check. Everybody has been saying this for a couple of years, but there are signs now that public opinion in most countries is sufficiently alarmed at the pace of inflation to support their governments in effective action against it. Thirdly, the balance of payments must be kept under control. "Deficits of dangerous proportions must either not be allowed to emerge, or else must be covered out of aid granted by the financially stronger partners."

Fourth, preparations must be made for reconversion, which may be more difficult and dangerous than in 1945, when people everywhere were starved for goods. Lastly, the plan must include a policy for bringing a political *détente* to accompany the relief of economic tensions. If the Western world can, as supposed here, make itself safe from aggression within the space of two years, then this will be understood in Moscow. "But a bridge will still have to be built. . . The time has perhaps come when all-out defiance ceases to be a policy in itself."

The Economist calls attention to the fact that further steps towards the integration or unification of the West will not be found on its list. Unification is to be regarded as a means, not an end. Actually, there is a grave danger of diverting energy to the paper-work of creating supra-national bodies that can handle present problems no better than national governments.

"The major difficulty at the moment is the double-minded state of Western public opinion, which wants to be secure without giving up any of its present standard of living." On this crucial issue, governments are weak and wobbly; but what reason is there to assume that an integrated West could be firmer? For the purposes of this plan, it would be quite sufficient for the heads of government to meet occasionally, as Churchill has done with Pleven and Truman.

Readers of this commentary know how high is my opinion of *The Economist*, one of the most valuable and most responsible journals published anywhere. That is why I was so much struck by the limited outlook of its new plan for Western survival, expounded in a leading editorial four pages long. It may be that it feels that too many grandiose ideas have been put forward; but normally it would have said so.

It rather seems that the new "plan" is extremely revealing of the state of mind of the British, as they face increased demands for rearmament, while grappling with malignant, long-term economic difficulties, and all coming on top of twelve long years of belt-tightening and "just one more good pull."

WHERE IS THE MAGIC in *The Economist's* date of January 1, 1954? It seems better accounted for by the cry that "people must be assured that their lean years are numbered" than by any reasonable expectation that "either war or peace will break out" on that date.

This plan seems to me to be startlingly inadequate, coming from such a source. It contains only a single idea, which might encourage the peoples of the West to make the required effort, and this is a negative one, the setting of a time limit to the sacrifice. And who can guarantee that? Suppose that the governments, which offered nothing more, were unable even to make good on this?

Well they might, for this plan appears to be made in a vacuum, containing as it does no consideration of the possible reaction of the enemy, except the assumption that, at the end, he will have to choose peace or war. If he, too, should go to work to pile up arms at an increased pace, do we merely continue our "plan"?

Surely, if anything has been generally agreed upon in recent years in the matter of combatting communism, it is that military strength alone is not enough. There must be a dynamic political program. We have to stake out convincingly our claims to be building a better world.

Politics won't stand still while we build defences during the next two years. Everything will shift under the pressure of the gradually changing balance of power. We need economic and military graphs such as *The Economist* has laid out, certainly, but far more do we need a political overture, to inspire the people of the West to a new effort towards unity, to pull on the neutrals and satellites, and to convince the enemy that his basic dogma of the coming collapse of Western capitalism is false. This is the way in which our rearmament effort can win a real decision.

Nothing less will do for a "Churchill Plan"; and it is hard to imagine Mr. Churchill launching a plan without some such grandiose idea.

—International

IKE HAS SAID IT AT LAST: "I am a Republican."

—Butterworth in Manchester Daily Dispatch

EDEN PLAN finds favor in UN: tackle the smaller disagreements, go on the big ones.

LONDON AND PEKING

by O. M. Green

ON HIS RECENT visit to the East the Colonial Secretary, Oliver Lyttelton, had the experience of being urged by the leading Chinese of Mayala to withdraw British recognition of China, while leading British businessmen in Hong Kong strenuously opposed this. It is virtually certain that he will urge continued recognition.

It is true that, although Britain tendered recognition just over two years ago, her representative in Peking has not been able to make the slightest progress in restoring diplomatic relations or contacting members of the Chinese Communist Government.

ANGLO-CHINESE RELATIONS, indeed, are now worse than they were two years ago. Last February the British Consul-General in Sinkiang and his staff were expelled with the greatest hardship and indignity, on charges of espionage. Twice since then protests have been made to Peking against the Communists' maltreatment of British subjects, including the imprisonment of a number of missionaries, of whose fate nothing can be learned. Mao Tse-tung's explicit promise to the foreign merchants of Shanghai and Tientsin, before he took these cities, that so long as they did not meddle in politics, their rights and interests would be safeguarded, has been flagrantly broken. And lastly, of course, Britain is in fact at war with China in Korea.

Useless as recognition seems to have been so far, its withdrawal would admittedly be a very serious matter. Although the Communists have shown little enough respect for their international obligations, all authorities agree that it is only by recognizing a particular government that any claim can be made upon it that it should abide by international law.

A point emphasized by those who oppose withdrawal of British recognition of Peking is that, apart from Korea, there is no major issue between the two countries. Under the late Nationalist Government Chinese newspapers and student associations periodically raised the cry that Hong Kong must be given back to China. The Communists have never shown any sign of making such a claim. There is, indeed, ground for believing that they realize that Hong Kong is far more useful to them in British hands than it would be in their own. Their

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—International

AMERICAN P.O.W.'s in North Korea: the enemy is playing on U.S. eagerness to get them back by demanding the right to expand his airbases during a truce.

business agents are still in Hong Kong, dealing with "imperialist" countries as readily as with any others.

Although the British community in China has shrunk to less than a twelfth of what it once was, it represents a stake in the country, with landed property, docks, wharves and factories, on a very large scale, far greater than that of any other Power. So long as the British recognition of China is maintained, we can at least (it is argued) continue to claim our right to this property. If recognition were withdrawn the property would probably be lost forever.

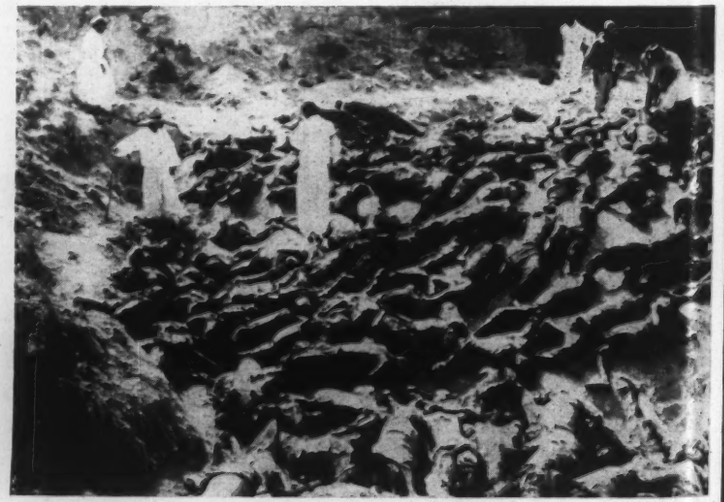
FOR TWO AND A HALF YEARS British businessmen in Shanghai and Hong Kong have been struggling bravely against untold discouragement to keep up the British end in China, and they would feel sadly deserted and hopeless if recognition were withdrawn. In Hong Kong there is a wide belief that if the fighting can be stopped in Korea — when presumably the ban on the export of "strategic materials" to China would be modified if not wholly lifted—China will make a strong bid to renew her trade with the West.

The strongest argument of those who are for maintaining the British recognition lies in the relations of China and Russia. The notion that China is Russia's catspaw is scouted by all responsible authorities in London. Close as the Russo-Chinese relations are, the speeches of Mao Tse-tung and others show plainly that in Peking they are regarded as those of equal allies. Right back from the beginning of the Chinese Communist Party in 1922, its successes have been won by its own exertions with no material aid from Russia.

The long negotiations over the Russo-Chinese trade agreements, and the noticeably cool announcement of their conclusion in Peking, suggest some very hard bargaining and possibly discontent on China's side. It is known, too, in London that China has been paying heavily for Russian arms.

For Britain to withdraw recognition could only drive China more deeply into Russia's arms. Recognition is a link, a line of approach to China which might yet be opened up.

—*OFNS*



—International

THESE WILL NEVER COME BACK: Murdered U.S. soldiers and North Koreans, photographed at Hamhung a year ago by U.S. Signal Corps, but only recently released and still very little printed in the U.S., with P.O.W. question so delicate.

TRINITY CELEBRATES A CENTENARY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

ronto—on what is now Queen Street West at Strachan Avenue. To the north was a pine forest; to the south, Lake Ontario.

The foundation stone was laid in April, 1851, and the Latin inscription on the brass plate was read to Toronto's gentry. It was followed by an English translation by the Professor of Obstetrics, "for the benefit of the uninitiated." The plate is now on the porch wall of present Trinity.

That January, the first students arrived. They were strictly supervised. For one thing, their average age was 16; for another, Strachan feared "the corruption of a large city"—such as Turnbull Smith's Billiard Emporium on Yonge Street.

MUCH in these early days seems incredible in the light of present day tolerance: the difficulty of the cricket Club (founded 1852) in finding a game, since the College authorities, not wishing to offend Bishop Strachan, forbade the Club to play with the non-denominational U of Toronto.

But students are students in any age. There were all-night debate sessions in those early days that put the world straight. The students published a quarterly magazine to voice their views; called it *Rouge et Noir*, after the college colors. Officialdom was upset. *Rouge et Noir* was a game of chance, popular at Monte Carlo and such dens of iniquity. But the student body backed the editors and the name wasn't changed until eight years later when it became the present *Trinity University Review*.

Today Trinity is entirely an Arts and Divinity college. The medical faculty severed connections back in 1877. As part of the University of Toronto (federation, 1904), its Arts course is prescribed by the University and its degrees are conferred in the University. But lectures are taken at Trinity from Trinity professors. The College retained its rights as a theological college, has its own Faculty, courses and degrees.

Women were admitted to Trinity when St. Hilda's College was founded in 1888, but attended separate lectures. Co-education was in the future. The present Dean of Women and Principal of St. Hilda's is Dr. M. M. Kirkwood—a steal from University College where she was a lecturer in English and Dean of Women. She transferred her allegiance when she married Dr. W. A. Kirkwood of Trinity.

In 1925 Trinity moved from its original site to one within the sprawling radius of the University's campus. In keeping with the College's traditional conservatism, the exterior is almost an exact duplicate of the old building—with its central and supporting towers. The quadrangle was also retained, in the two wings which now house 136 students.

Undergraduate activities include a literary Society that actually antedates the college. Founded in 1850 in the Theological Institute at Cobourg, it came to Trinity with the students when that Institute ceased to exist: featured oratorical contests. Today it holds weekly debates.

The Dramatic Society achieved fame at the time of the 50th anniversary of the College with a production of "The Frogs" by Aristophanes in the original Greek; has had recent yearly successes.

Very active is the Athletic Association. As well as supervising sports, it sponsors the annual Field Day, the harrier (cross-country race dating back to the '60's), and the 1925-inspired Cakefight of Frosh vs. Sophs.

PROVOST R. S. K. Seeley is a graduate of Christ College, Cambridge, who came to Trinity in 1945 from the Deanship of the Cathedral in Kingston, Ont. A bachelor, he has as constant companion a likeable English bulldog named Ambrose. Member of the staff perhaps best known to the public-at-large is Trinity graduate Dr. Philip Child, Chancellor's Professor in English. Dr. Child is the author of four novels, including the 1949 Ryerson Press award winning "Mr. Ames Against Time" and the recent "The Victorian House and Other Poems". Two other well-known writers and Trinity graduates: Archibald Lampman and Sir Gilbert Parker.

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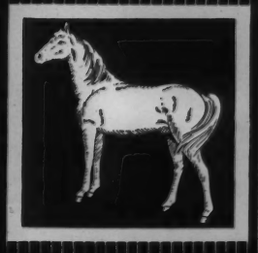
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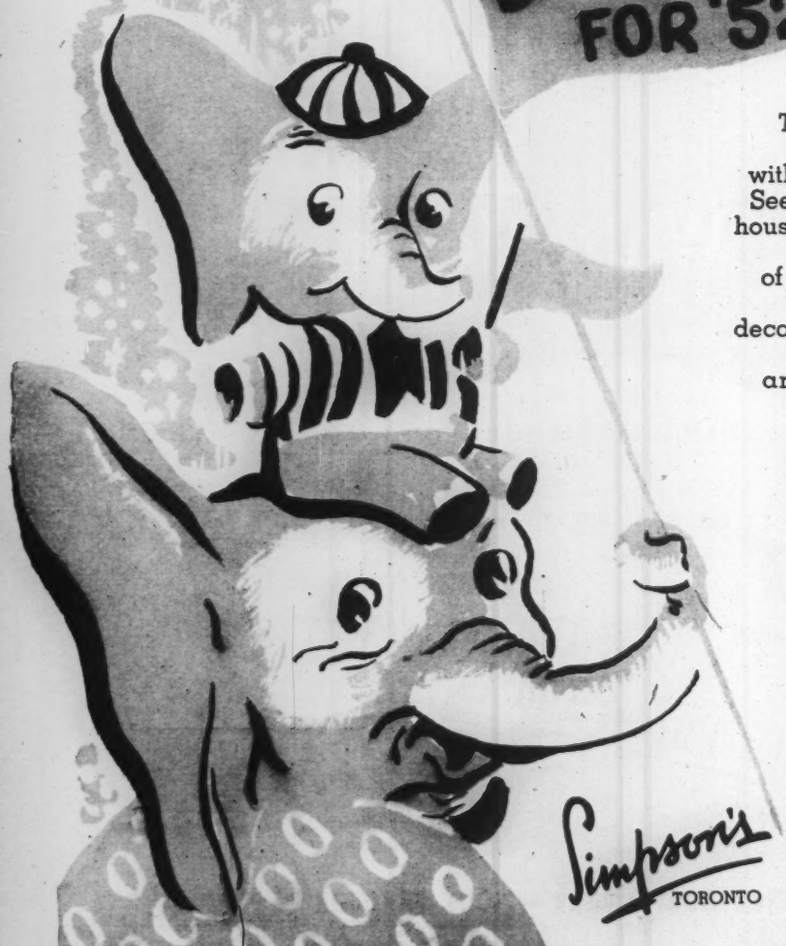

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FILMS

Bengal Experiment

by Mary Lowrey Ross

THE STORY of "The River" is one of the oddest tales of production to come out of Hollywood.

The film itself didn't come out of Hollywood, except indirectly. It is the joint enterprise of Kenneth and Malvina McEldowney, who live in Hollywood and who had dreamed for years of making a picture as free from standard production conventions as though Hollywood had never existed.

Kenneth McEldowney is an ex-florist and amateur color photographer. Malvina was for some time a press agent connected with one of the larger studios. Both had lived for years in an atmosphere of picture-making. They knew a good deal about how films were made and they had a great many theories about how to make them differently. In the end they decided to make a picture about India, in India, with Kenneth McEldowney as an independent producer.

The usual procedure under these circumstances is to borrow heavily from the bank and rent facilities from the studios. This means that if the film fails the independent producer faces bankruptcy, and if it succeeds its future is already heavily mortgaged to its underwriters. The McEldowneys decided to do things in their own way. They mortgaged their house instead of their film, threw in their life savings and borrowed the remainder of their budget from friends and relatives.

BEFORE long many of the Hollywood stars became interested in the project. A number of them, alarmed at the invasion of television and the threatened collapse of the star system, came forward and offered to accompany the McEldowneys to India. The producers could have had a star-studded cast, but this was another convention they were determined to avoid. "When Errol Flynn went to India to make 'Kim' the picture turned out to be 90 per cent Errol Flynn," Mrs. McEldowney pointed out. They didn't want to surrender to the star system any such fraction of their cherished project; or any fraction at all if they could help it. They wanted fresh talent and they knew exactly what they wanted and in the end they found it.

For director they secured Jean Renoir, whose fame rested chiefly on "The Grand Illusion". Early in World War II, Renoir had escaped the pressure for collaboration from the Nazi conquerors of France and had come to Hollywood with little more than a knapsack and his own idea of how pictures should be made. Hollywood proved more interested in his reputation than in his ideas and though he made half a dozen pictures none was very memorable or successful. Before long Director Renoir was as enthusiastic over the India project as the McEldowneys themselves.

They had already selected their story and were satisfied with it. But one day the author telephoned to say

that she had just read Rumer Godden's "The River" and had come to the conclusion—reluctantly, since she wanted to see her own story filmed—that the producers would do better with the Godden novel. "You have to know Hollywood and authors to appreciate the generosity of that," Mrs. McEldowney said to me, "We didn't want to change at first but after reading the Godden novel we knew we had exactly what we were looking for."

Eventually they sailed to India where "The River" was filmed in its entirety. They worked for three arduous, exciting, heartbreaking years and when it was completed headed back to America via the Pacific. Somewhere along the route they lost the carrier containing their sound-recording, and had to wait twenty-four unnerving hours while the air company scouted the South Pacific. It turned up safely on Wake Island.

Back in America one of their first telephone calls was from a Hollywood columnist who wanted to know if the McEldowneys were considering divorce. Mrs. McEldowney assured him that they weren't and accepted the inquiry as a good omen. "When the Hollywood press gets interested in your marriage you begin to feel you must have arrived," she said.

THE MCELDOWNEYS succeed in their enterprise exactly as they had intended to. "The River" is a fresh, serenely unconventional and extraordinarily beautiful picture.

The river is the Ganges and its flow and life and timelessness are taken here both as setting and symbol. The film has a story to tell but it also has a mood to establish and it takes its time, serenely blending sight and sound, theme and narrative, the life on the river and in the homes along its banks. The story that emerges has to do with a trio of adolescent girls—Harriet, the daughter of a well-to-do jute-mill manager; Valerie, her 18-year-old neighbor; and Melanie, an Anglo-Indian girl just back from school in the West. All three fall in love simultaneously with a moody young American war veteran, and the story explores with a perception and respect rarely accorded to adolescents on the screen, the course of their ecstasy, confusion and despair. Director Renoir not only resolves all these emotional conflicts but contrives, without once dropping to the tone of travelogue or documentary, to blend the confused inner life of his characters with the color and liveliness of native custom and pageantry. The girls themselves are a remarkably fresh and arresting trio—Harriet (Patricia Walker) a rather plain-featured little girl, capable of flashing into sudden vividness and charm, Valeri (Adrienne Corri) who is a pure Burne-Jones conception, and Melanie (Radha), the grave and beautiful Anglo-Indian. The latter who is also a celebrated dancer, performs an Indian ritual dance in an interpolated fable that is one of the loveliest sequences in the film.

—United Artists

"THE RIVER"

Theatre

THE GOVERNING Committee of the Canadian Drama Awards has announced the 1951 winners. Especially commendable is the inclusion of ROBERT GILL on the list of five. Bob Gill is an American who has done so much for the theatre in Canada in his capacity as Director of Hart House Theatre, University of Toronto. His undergraduate productions have achieved a high level, and many of the students who have worked with him have turned to the professional Canadian stage . . . including DON and MURRAY DAVIS who started and still present the Straw Hat Players in Muskoka; BILL HUTT, this year's regional adjudicator for Western Ontario; TED FOLLOWS and ERIC HOUSE, with Canadian Repertory Theatre in Ottawa; HENRY KAPLAN, directing the Canadian company in Bermuda.

Other CDA winners were: BETTY MITCHELL who has consistently directed her Workshop 14 in Calgary to regional and dominion festival honors; MRS. DOROTHY WHITE, well-known Ottawa Little Theatre actress and director; MRS. HILDA ALLEN, active in the Regina Little Theatre and who has adjudicated high school drama throughout the Province; and JOHN O'TOOLE of Fairville, NB.

■ Montreal is making a strong bid to put Festival Week on the Montreal map. Of late years lack of a central theatre has tended to discourage public attendance at Festival performances. This year a new Committee, under chairmanship of FRANK COLEMAN, has energetically lined up the Gésu Theatre where all groups will play; has invited in non-competitive one-act plays and offered them a local challenge trophy; has arranged for special BBC interviews with Adjudicator PIERRE LEFEBVRE to be aired over local radio stations.

The Committee is also making speakers available to any organization wishing a guest speaker; has arranged panel discussions, meetings and window displays. It won't be the Committee's fault if the Gésu Theatre isn't overflowing during Feb. 18 week.

■ Vancouver's Theatre Under the Stars plans to include an original Canadian musical comedy, "Timber!" in next summer's production list. Composer, DOLORES CLAMAN; book, DAVE SAVAGE and DOUG NIXON.

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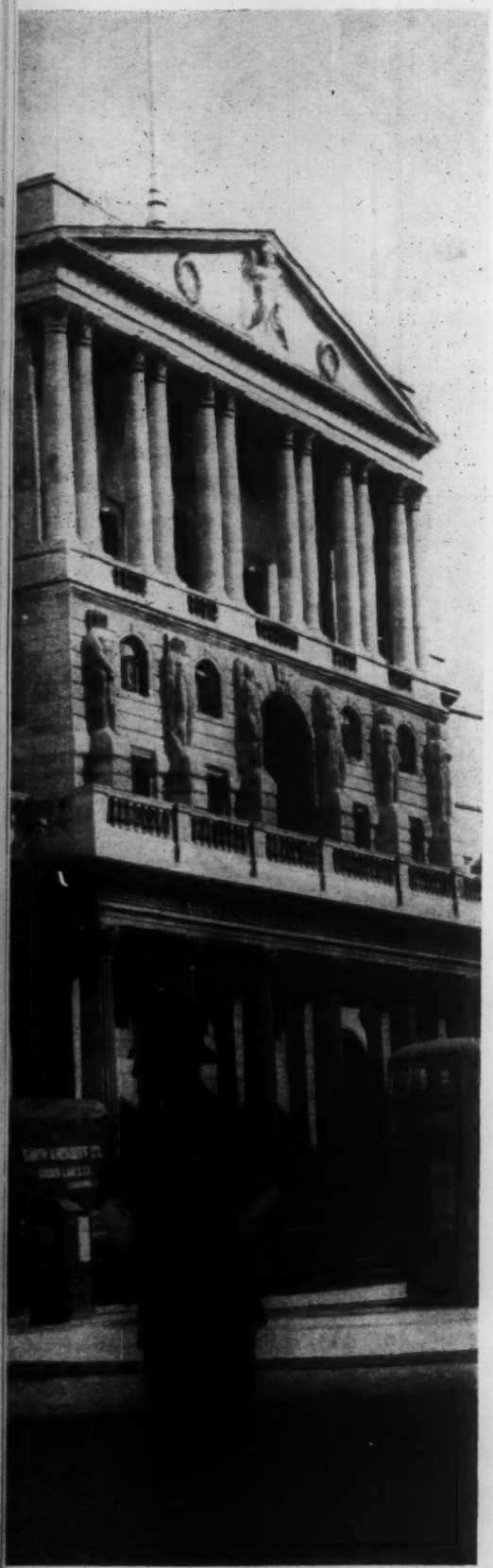
BUSINESS

STERLING FLEXES ITS MUSCLES

by John L. Marston

Recent changes in foreign exchange and money markets set up the financial machinery of a "free" economy



—Miller

◄ BANK OF ENGLAND: "Old Lady" is active.

BRITAIN'S Conservative Government came into power in October. It made a major change in the financial structure in November, and another in December. It has thus enabled us to see toward what broad objective it is working. The objective is a "free", or at least a relatively "free" economy.

The objective on the financial front will certainly not be reached in 1952; it may not even be seriously approached despite the rapid preparations for the journey. The changes made in November and December were both of a piece. Their purpose was to restore what the Chancellor of the Exchequer called "flexibility" to the money market and to the foreign-exchange market. Outside of Britain there seems to be some misunderstanding of this idea of flexibility. It does not mean that the "free" economy has already been established. What it does mean is that the financial machinery of a "free" economy, or some of it, is there ready to operate as soon as conditions permit.

It also shifts the emphasis in Britain's attack on inflation to the use of the monetary weapon from the almost exclusive use of direct-control measures. There has been no suggestion of abandoning the latter, and for the time being Britain is relying on a combination of orthodox pressure and arbitrary directives.

For 12 years both the money market and the foreign-exchange market had been confined in a structure of fixed rates. The foreign-exchange market, indeed, could hardly be said to operate at all, apart from the dealings in Canadian dollars which had been allowed.

EARLY IN NOVEMBER when the Bank Rate was raised from 2 to 2½ per cent, the Bank of England ceased its practice of providing as much money as the discount market needed at ½ per cent. Now, when the market is "in the Bank" as it has been more than once since the change in policy which got the market operating again, it has to pay 2 per cent. It cannot risk holding Treasury Bills at ½ per cent, possibly having to carry them at 2 per cent if the banks have to call in short loans. And the banks have to do this sometimes now because their liquid position is much tighter than previously. All rates, therefore, are now finely adjusted between borrower and lender, between buyer and seller. And the discount on Treasury Bills has approximately doubled.

An integral part of the policy was the funding, into bonds of one to three years life, of £1 billion of Treasury Bills. This is from a total floating debt which had averaged roughly £6 billion for some years. The significance of this move was in its effect on the banks' liquidity. They contributed nearly a half of the Treasury Bills which were converted into bonds. These bonds—unlike the bills of a few weeks' life—are not classed among the liquid assets which traditionally represent not less than 30 per cent of the deposits in British banks.

Now that the Central Bank is no longer creating cheap credit more or less "on tap" and the banks are holding smaller liquid resources, the banks have less to lend. And they charge more interest.

The market is operating again, all right, but the conditions are pretty stringent, however more "free" they may be. If the changes are not sufficient to deter inflationary spending, the authorities can still tighten the screws, making credit dearer by raising the Bank Rate further, and making it scarcer by releasing it still less freely to the money market. But the important point is that the credit mechanism is now functioning again, and it's ready for such use as the authorities may decide to make of it. Certainly the way is open for an even greater emphasis on the more subtle fiscal attack on inflation even if the direct control technique holds its own. Britain's inflation problem, being more a chronic illness than Canada's, the case for using both methods is more clear-cut.

THE REOPENING of the foreign exchange market has the same general purpose: to make the mechanism ready for freedom of exchange. In this context, freedom of exchange means convertibility of sterling into dollars and other hard currencies, rather than freedom from a fixed dollar parity as in Canada.

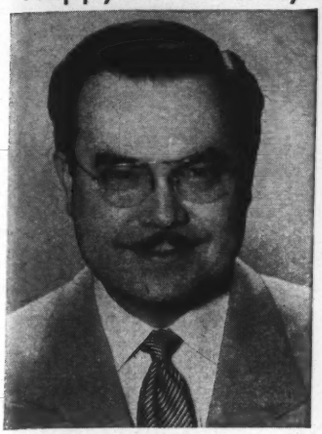
It must be recognized that the dollar problem is still so serious that there is no question of freeing the pound, in either sense, in the foreseeable future. But the "flexibility" now restored to foreign exchange dealing is of considerable value in itself. It allows the price mechanism to stimulate or restrain demand or supply in the foreign exchange market as in the money market, subject to the fixed parities for spot currencies.

The commercial banks and other houses, in London and the provinces, are now dealing in all the important non-sterling currencies, most of which could previously be obtained only from the Bank of England. They deal on the spot as well as forward; and these spot dealings, though confined within official quotations, are not entirely inflexible, as the "spread" of quotations has been widened nearly to the full extent of 1 per cent on each side of parity which the regulations of the International Monetary Fund permit. Forward rates are at present determined entirely by supply and demand; though the IMF could object to a wide divergence from the official parities.

The freeing of the monetary mechanism is already having effects: adjusting credit, and helping (through the inevitable discount on forward sterling) to correct the dollar deficit. It promises more radical changes. But we may not see them in 1952.

JOHN L. MARSTON *is* SATURDAY NIGHT'S *financial correspondent in Britain.*

Happy Anniversary



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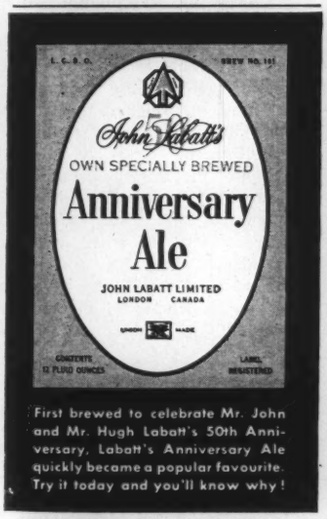
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PROFILE

SPEED CUTS TAPE

by Ed Bantey

BACK in World War II, when dollar-a-year men were a dime a dozen, a gentleman named Mark C. Lowe made quite a reputation for himself on the staff of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board.

Lowe's forte was speed; wartime co-workers, recalling his stint as the WPTB's administrator of capital equipment and electrical products, say he moved so quickly the red tape never had a chance.

The fast-moving Lowe left the WPTB in November, 1945, after some 30 months of Government service, but he hasn't stopped for a breather yet. Back in private industry, he's too busy putting Canadian Allis-Chalmers (1951) Ltd. on the map. CAC President Lowe marks his first anniversary as head of this firm in February.

Lowe, who began his career with CGE, became Vice-President of Allis-Chalmers in the days when it was still operated by the former company. In those days, CAC had manufacturing rights for Allis-Chalmers mechanical

—Arless

MARK C. LOWE

equipment in Canada. It also had sales rights for electrical appliances.

When Mark Lowe was moved up to the presidential slot—at the same time as Allis-Chalmers acquired the Canadian firm from CGE—CAC continued to produce mechanical equipment for mines, private- and publicly-owned utilities, pulp and paper mills, and other general industries. Now the word in the industry is that Canadian Allis-Chalmers is planning to crash the electrical appliance market.

Meanwhile, Mark Lowe is busy conducting the present affairs of CAC running its 700-man staff at the CAC plants in Lachine, Que., and St. Thomas, Ont., and the company's five district offices at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

Pipe-smoking, 50-year-old President Lowe came out of Acadia College and University and the Nova Scotia Technical College to join CGE.

Back in World War II, when production was all-important, it was Lowe who bossed manufacture of $15 million worth of aircraft parts by CGE in a nine-month period. Now he's busy supervising such big items as the production of units for the giant hydro-electric projects at Beauharnois and Peribonka, Que.

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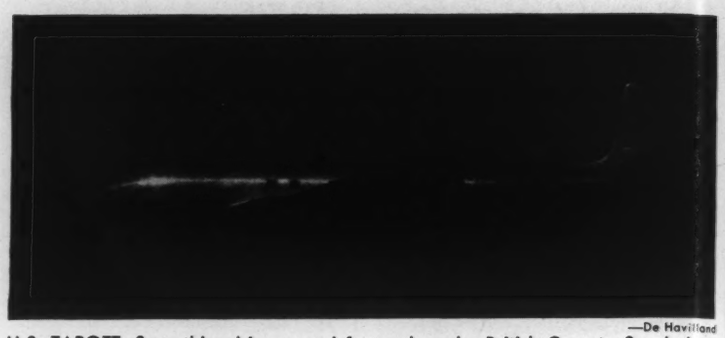

—De Havilland

U.S. TARGET: Something bigger and faster than the British *Comet*. See below.

U.S. BUSINESS

TRADE UNBALANCE CONTINUES

by R. L. Hoadley

AMERICAN imports soared to a new all-time high peak in 1951 but exports were also higher so the traditional "unbalance" of U.S. foreign trade goes merrily on. Emphasizing the new role of the States as a "have-not" nation with respect to an ever-growing list of strategic materials, preliminary estimates place 1951 imports at $11.3 billion against $8.8 billion in 1950.

The American people are not sufficiently import-minded to account for this sudden rise in incoming shipments. It was simply a case of American production lines chewing up all the metals and other scarce materials that could be brought in.

Looking ahead, it appears unlikely that 1952 will witness a further increase in imports. In fact, some trade authorities look for a slight decline in view of the virtual stoppage of imports from Communist countries.

Exports jumped to nearly $15 billion last year as compared with $10.3 billion in 1950. The previous peak of $14.5 billion was recorded in 1947. Foreign traders have been agreed that 1952 exports would recede somewhat.

The Department of Commerce, however, startled the trade with its sensational "unofficial" estimate that exports this year may run between $17 billion and $18 billion. Inflated commodity prices and the increasing export of indirect military items are factors favorable to higher shipments abroad. Against these factors, however, must be weighed the worsened dollar situation in the sterling area and in France.

Despite the foreign trade gains, present and prospective, far-seeing Government and trade officials are concerned with the trend in foreign-trade affairs. The U.S., for the time being at least, seems to have abrogated its leadership in the long-term movement to reduce international trade barriers.

Jet Transport Plans

THE FIRST definite step in the development of a U.S. jet airliner is shaping up. Douglas Aircraft is considering an initial design program, costing $2 million, for a jet airliner intended to be larger and faster than Britain's De Havilland *Comet*.

The project will depend upon the availability of technical manpower and the approval of U.S. airlines. The over-all cost would be $20 million and Douglas will need assurances of sufficient sales to get back its investment. Sales to the Government would be solicited as were the military versions of earlier Douglas planes.

Meanwhile, the Glenn L. Martin Co., with a $400-million backlog of military and commercial plane orders, is in financial difficulties. The concern has called in investment bankers to assist in raising additional working capital. Already the recipient of large Government loans, Martin's difficulties stem from its huge losses on transport plane development.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the election of Mr. A. J. Nesbitt to the office of Chairman of the Board of Directors and of Mr. P. A. Thomson and Mr. M. A. Thomson to the offices of Vice-Chairmen of the Board of Directors.

Announcement is also made of the appointments of Mr. A. Deane Nesbitt to the office of President of the Company, Mr. D. K. Baldwin to the office of Vice-President and Managing Director and Mr. R. H. Dean to the office of Vice-President and General Manager. Mr. E. G. Smith has also been appointed a Vice-President of the Company. Mr. D. D. Ewart has been appointed Assistant-Treasurer and Mr. H. S. Dunn, Assistant-Secretary.

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BUSINESS COMMENT

CURB ANTI-SOCIAL STRIKES

by P. M. Richards

THERE seems to be a new rash of strikes and threats of strikes. And it appears to be high time that Parliament did something to protect the public against strikes. The way things are going, the labor unions' strike weapon is assuming more menacing proportions every day, until it threatens not only the public's convenience but also its health and safety and even the very existence of democracy.

What can Parliament do about strikes? Well, it can outlaw them, for one thing. It can declare a strike a conspiracy. It can make a combination in restraint of work and production illegal, like a combination in restraint of trade. It may not be able to jail thousands of strikers, but it can jail or fine their leaders convicted of inciting them to illegal action.

Such legislation would be very regrettable, since it would constitute a serious set-back to the advancement of the status of labor. But the well-being of the public as a whole must take precedence of that of any section of it.

Is the right to strike really the inalienable right that the labor unions have always claimed it to be? If it ever was, it surely is not now. For times have changed mightily. Fifty years ago a strike was commonly a small (relative to today) affair between a group of workers and their employer; there were other sources of supply of the goods the strikers had produced, so the public was little affected. Now the unions are so big and so interrelated that a strike frequently cuts off the whole supply of a product or service, inflicting perhaps the most serious consequences on the public.

The labor unions have done a great deal to improve the workers' position, by using the powers inherent in combined action to force unprogressive and selfish employers to more liberal and just measures. But the unions have now become too big and powerful for the public good, and they are not using those powers wisely. Strikes are tending to become anti-social rather than anti-employer. When that happens, it's clearly time for Parliament to consider new legislation to restrain them.

Defence Costs Up

WE ARE going to spend a good deal more on defence this year, in part, of course, because the defence program itself will be bigger but partly, also, because procurement costs will be higher. Thus the rise in defence production will be sizably less than the increase in defence expenditures.

The latter—the bigger outlay for defence—will be occasioned largely by wage increases and by higher prices for materials, which latter are themselves necessitated by higher wages in their production. It is now recognized that the peak of Canada's defence production will not come this year but, probably, in 1953 or even later, depending on the course of international events. What shall we be paying for our defence products then?

The present prospect is that we shall constantly have to pay more and more, for less and less. If this were the same for the Russians, we might comfort ourselves with the thought that war was progressively being made impossible. But Russia doesn't permit its workers to combine in unions to raise production costs; that is strictly a democratic privilege.

Our labor leaders and union members are a sort of labor élite, comprising only about one-fifth of the national labor force. Where would they be if the Russians defeated us? Maybe just plain toilers in factories making goods for Russians, according to conditions imposed by the Russian Government.

Defence Switch

IN DEFENCE, a complicating factor not widely appreciated is that despite Canada's large experience in armament production in World War II and since, much of the equipment for the current defence program is being manufactured in this country for the first time. This results not only from innovations in equipment but also, in considerable degree, from the fact that field equipment for the army is being switched from the British to the U.S. type. New production methods have had to be set up.

And, as Mr. C. D. Howe pointed out recently, since the Canadian program is small relative to that of the U.S., the production of some defence equipment is not being undertaken at all in Canada or only on a restricted scale—meaning that a considerable quantity of equipment must be imported. Also importations of equipment have occurred, even of items being produced in Canada, because a supply of certain items was required

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quickly, before Canadian production of them was sufficiently advanced. This dependence for defence production on imports is now being reduced as our own production capacity is increased, and delays due to this cause will be progressively fewer.

The decision to standardize upon U.S. types of defence equipment is a major reason why Canada is spending much more on defence goods in the United States than the U.S. is spending here. Also appropriate equipment had to be imported to replace what we gave to some of the NATO countries. Mr. Howe said that in the period from April 1, 1950, to October 31, 1951, the U.S. placed $158 million of defence orders in Canada, while Canada placed $502 million of orders in the U.S.

This unfavorable balance in defence expenditures should taper off as Canada gets into production of the new equipment, and as the U.S. authorities step up their defence buying in this country. Mr. Howe said progress is being made in this respect, and that it is likely to be expedited by "some measure of success" in arranging for duty-free entry of Canadian defence products into the U.S.

Need for Balance

THE CRUX of the production problem for Canada and the United States is to maintain a proper relationship between productivity, wages and prices, according to Harold G. Moulton, President of the Brookings Institution of Washington, D C. He says that industry's productive efficiency has risen notably as a result of four factors: (1) a vast increase in the quantity of capital goods. (2) a great improvement in the quality of plant and equipment, (3) better organization and management of business enterprises, and (4) rising labor efficiency. As a result of this combination of factors it requires progressively fewer people to produce a given result.

However, there is the danger that such increases in efficiency will be nullified, so far as prices are concerned, by more than proportional increases in the costs of labor and materials. If every time we have a reduction in costs—due to increased productive efficiency—of say 5 per cent, wage rates are raised say 10 per cent, the pressure on the price level is upward rather than downward.

Were it not for this attitude on the part of labor, there would be good reason to believe, Dr. Moulton thinks, that we could at least restrain the rate of price advances through ever-increasing efficiency in production.

New Wage Demands

NON-defence business has moved into 1952 with fewer orders on hand than for several years past. The recent decline in demand for consumer durable goods is continuing and producers are also hampered by materials shortages. Production cuts in non-defence industries have produced some troublesome spots of local unemployment and these are currently tending to increase.

In this situation, labor unions are now pressing for another of their periodical wage increases. Where the resulting increases in production costs lead to increases in prices, the outcome presumably will be some further contraction in consumer buying and in employment.

CPR Rate Increase

THE Canadian Pacific Railway did a lot more business in 1951 than in 1950, hauling more grain and grain products, iron and steel products, pulpwood and paper, sand, stone, gravel, cement, etc.

But because of wage increases and higher costs of materials and supplies, together with the 40-hour work week, the company's showing in respect of earnings was "extremely disappointing", as President W. A. Mather phrased it. Net railway earnings fell $10 million below those of 1950, with the result that the company had to apply to the Board of Transport Commissioners for permission to increase freight rates again.

However, Mr. Mather pointed out that if current applications for rate increases are granted, the increase over pre-war levels will still be only 60 per cent, as against a whole price increase of 140 per cent in the same period and a wage increase of almost the same rate.

The CPR's need to maintain revenues is emphasized by the fact that it is spending $400 million over a five-year period to provide new locomotives and rolling stock and improve other facilities.

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"OPERATION COMMONWEALTH"

THEY'LL BRING THEIR OWN JOBS

by Michael Young

AT THE END of World War II, far-seeing British statesmen took a count of the future of Britain and the Commonwealth. It added up like this: (1) the total area of the six European-settled British Commonwealth countries is about 7.5 million square miles; (2) this area is occupied by some 74 million people of European stock; (3) of this 74 million, over 50 million people, plus the bulk of the industries of the Commonwealth, are crowded into the 94,000 square miles of the United Kingdom.

In spite of spectacular postwar industrial growth in Canada, for instance, the core of industry in the Commonwealth is still concentrated in Britain. Here it is vulnerable, not only to atomic attack and invasion, but also to starvation, as the raw materials for the factories and the food for the workers have to cross oceans.

THIS IS TODAY'S picture, as it was foreseen by the British Chiefs of Staff in London in April, 1946. It's the basis of their recommendation that a considerable number of people, and an adequate section of industry—particularly defence industry—be moved from Britain to the Commonwealth countries overseas. From the defence viewpoint, this would eliminate the concentration of industry in an area so close to an aggressor—an almost suicidal situation in an atom bombing jet age. And what is equally important, it would result in increased production by putting the industries in an area where they could operate at their best: an area where, for instance, hydro electric power is more plentiful, where raw materials are more accessible, and where food for the producers themselves is better, more plentiful, and cheaper, and where all these essential adjuncts to industry are in no danger of being cut off from the industry itself.

At the same time, by bringing the industries over with the workers there would be no disruptions to Canadian employment by an inflow of immigrants during, say, a seasonal low for jobs. Besides this, development generates more development. As a result, Canadian employment would be much less susceptible to seasonal fluctuations. And certainly, for the economy as a whole, there would be less disruption because of seasonal factors. With an increased labor force and diversified industry, those unemployed for seasonal reasons would be a much smaller percentage of the total labor force than they are now.

What the Chiefs of Staffs recommended, and what the Migration Council was founded in April, 1950, to push, is, in effect, a reversal of the old mercantilist idea of the pioneer countries exporting raw materials to the factories of Europe to pay for the manufactured goods they import from Europe. With the new importance of raw materials, and the ubiquitousness of the jet-borne atom bomb, movement of the factories from the old to the "new" countries is advisable from both a defence and an economic standpoint.

James Meldrum, Assistant Vice Chairman of the Migration Council, is in Canada this month working to establish a "climate of opinion" favorable to this idea: dispersing industry for defence and bringing into reality the enormous productive potential of Canada and other Commonwealth countries. He hopes to organize in Canada a Migration Council to work

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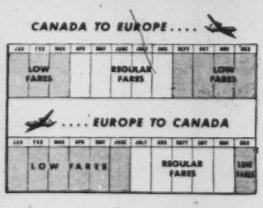

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with like bodies in the other Commonwealth countries towards these objectives.

As he explains it, defence is only one aspect of the program. It makes the need for action more urgent, but, on the whole, the project is a much longer term undertaking. It will abolish what Meldrum calls "restrictionist" thinking: the idea that there is a national real income pie of a given size, and the various groups contributing to it pit their bargaining strength against one another for larger slices of it. The scheme envisages a much bigger pie made through the coordinated efforts of the nations of the Commonwealth.

The Migration Council and its project have powerful and far-sighted friends. The Council has been given a boost since the change of Government in Britain. Lord Ismay, who was in Canada with Mr. Churchill, was with the British Chiefs of Staff at the time of their 1946 recommendation. It's known that he would be very receptive to any suggestion from Ottawa that Canadian development programs be coordinated with this policy.

As is shown by the interest of the Council in countries like Canada, the project is not merely another facet of the Colombo Plan or a British version of President Truman's Point Four Program. Almost the contrary in fact. What the West plans in the way of defence build-up, maintaining civilian living standards, and raising the living standards of the underdeveloped countries in the far east or in Latin America, calls for a tremendous expansion of productive capacity in the Western countries themselves. The magnitude of the program of the North Atlantic Treaty powers means we cannot afford to waste any of our own productive potential.

In one way especially, Meldrum feels, we are doing that now. British workers are the wasted power. Apart from their skills, which aren't being fully employed because of raw material shortages, another quality is going to waste. British workers, Meldrum says, are a wonderfully disciplined people whose capacity to see things through for the general well-being is being wasted. As long as they are in Britain their self-discipline is being used mainly to keep them from throwing in the sponge in the face of long queues for uninteresting food, and shivering evenings in poorly heated homes.

The West can far out-produce the Communists, the Migration Council believes, if through a coordinated development program, we break down the economic nationalism that hamstrings efforts to make the most of the tremendous productive potential of the Western world. A wide open immigration policy for British workers bringing their own jobs, in the form of new British industries, with them to Canada is one aspect of that coordinated program. As far as Canada is concerned, the Migration Council believes the program would plug the leak of new and native-born Canadians to the U.S. by offering everyone here a bigger share of a bigger pie.

J. H. Kavanagh

J. H. Kavanagh who has been appointed Canadian Regional Manager of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's group Insurance division with headquarters in Montreal. *

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WAYNE AND SHUSTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

(*Sample*: One skit had a mother worried about her ex-soldier son. "He went away a boy and came back a man," she complained. "What did you expect him to come back, a girl?" was the Wayne and Shuster solution.)

This program won them radio's Beaver Award and led to a show sponsored by RCA Victor. (They got the Beaver Award that year, too.) Then, in 1948, they signed with Toni Home Permanent and are still dispensing their nonsense between sales talks about women's hair.

A good deal has been written and said about what makes Wayne and Shuster different, refreshing, original, successful and so on. "They take the tribulations of everyday life and turn them into comedy," wrote one critic. "While the listener laughs he also has the feeling that a great deal of truth has been spoken in jest."

To some extent this is true. They like to take advantage of topical subjects and kick them around. But so do other comedians. What really makes Wayne and Shuster appealing to Canadians—aside from the obvious fact that they are funny—is that their localized jokes are Canadian ones.

The Canadian who hears Bob Hope, Jack Benny or Red Skelton crack about pedestrians in Los Angeles or the smoke in Pittsburgh can get a bit bored. But let Wayne and Shuster say something about the Grey Cup Finals or mention Moose Jaw and the same radio fan will usually stay tuned in. Wayne and Shuster know this and they make the most of it. And, of course, to all these "topical" or "localized" jokes, they take a pixie-ish approach, with some highly diverting results.

During Canadian National Health Week, they turn up as country doctors rushing through a snowstorm to perform an emergency operation on a kitchen table. The operation is a success, of course. "We haven't lost a table yet."

They will do a take-off on "The Great Caruso," starring "Mario Waynza."

Or a baby clinic skit, with Johnny Wayne, MD (Master of Diapers) and Frank Shuster, PhD (Doctor of Hot Pablum).

As used car salesmen, their slogan is: "We've got heaps and heaps of heaps."

As Mounties, they present a skit entitled: "The Case of the Stolen Furs," or "I've Got You Under My Skins."

The CBC comes in for a bit of chiding. In one broadcast Wayne used the words "sartorially impeccable." When Shuster asked that that meant, he was told: "I don't know, but it must be clean—the CBC didn't cut it out."

At one rehearsal, when Rae was afraid of a line that might be misconstrued, Wayne cracked: "All you need to be a CBC censor is a red pencil and a dirty mind." During a personal appearance at a banquet, they described the CBC as: "The only non-profit organization on Jarvis St."

THEY OFTEN write special songs for their broadcasts, both words and music—Shuster studied violin and piano as a child; Wayne plays piano by ear. On one show, to go with a skit about "Captain Horatio Wayneblower," they wrote a song entitled "Give Me the Life of a Sailor."

The song, although it will remain unpublished as do most of the ditties Wayne and Shuster rattle off, is a good example of the combined power of nonsense and reference to local names in order to get laughs. It includes the following lines:

In battleships and cruisers we have had a thrilling ride,
In corvettes and destroyers we have fought against the tide,
But the greatest fun we had was in a canoe at Sunnyside,
It's the sailor's life for me.

One thing that is different about Wayne and Shuster is that neither is the regular straight man. They can.

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AMERICAN networks have beckoned to Wayne and Shuster but they resolutely remain in Canada. They are convinced that there's big-time show business here.

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and do, stooge for each other and neither gets more laughs than the other. As Shuster said, their approaches differ—Wayne is brash, Shuster a bit more reserved. But they will frequently step out of character.

One other thing that Canadians like about them is their refusal to move to the United States and, presumably, more loot. There is no doubt that they can get work there. In the summer of 1947 their show was carried over the entire NBC network (as a summer replacement for the William Bendix "Life of Riley" program) and Wayne and Shuster have had attractive offers since. Twice they have gone to New York to appear on television—and each time they were begged to move across the border permanently.

"We like it here," Shuster explains. "We think Canada is big time and we've been very lucky here. Besides, we like to live like human beings. You go to New York you have to start putting up a big front. You get involved in the pressure. We're not so hoggish about money that we think it's worth it. We're family men. We like to work nine-to-five and go home. It's a lot of fun going down to do a TV show, but we're always glad to get back."

As for television in Canada, Wayne and Shuster have no intention of jumping in next year as soon as the Toronto station is operating. They would rather wait until equipment is adequate, techniques advanced. Their hold on radio is too good to risk a poor TV show. So they'll wait, meanwhile studying TV carefully, absorbing all they can.

As much as possible, they stick to the nine-to-five routine. Monday mornings, Wayne travels the short distance to Shuster's house (in Forest Hill) and the two retire to the recreation room to start the week's script. First, they decide on a general theme, then gradually fill in the lines, taking turns pecking away at a typewriter.

Their ability to turn out a good comedy script was long ago established. Once, during the war, Jack Benny came to Toronto to do a show for which they had written the script. Benny accepted the script without a single change.

During the week they polish up the script and run through it with the rest of their cast. By Thursday night, when the madcap dress rehearsal takes place, the show is almost set—although they sometimes make last-minute substitutions. Fridays, they listen to a play-back of the broadcast to hunt for weak spots. And that's their week. Week-ends, with rare exceptions, they spend with their families.

Shuster has a daughter, Rosalind, five and a half, and a son, Stephen, two and a half. Wayne has three boys—Michael, four and a half, Jamie, two and a half, and Brian who arrived Christmas Day. Neither Ruth Shuster nor Bea Wayne is in show business.

But even with the nine-to-five objective, the men are kept busy with other activities. For Christmas they produced, but did not appear in, a modern pantomime called Mother Goose.

LAST SUMMER they became vice-presidents of Capitol Films (the old Queensway Studio) and spend some time producing documentaries, trailers and other short films. Both have appeared in radio plays on other programs and, of course, their Army career gave them stage experience. Added to their two TV appearances, Wayne and Shuster have tried their hands at every aspect of show business—and love them all.

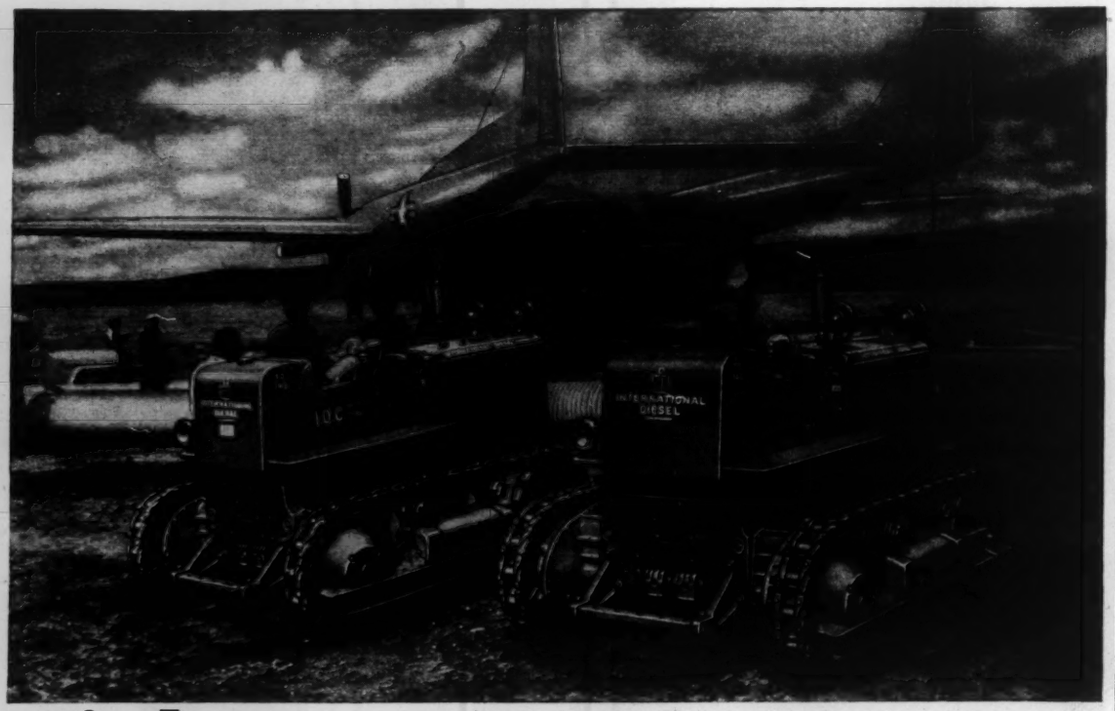
This past Christmas, as the year before, they got much pleasure out of producing the Mother Goose show—and both audiences and critics received it favorably.

Wayne and Shuster's hidden ambition, according to the latter, is to some day write a musical comedy for Broadway. A representative of the Playwrights' Company has been after them for a couple of years to do just that, but they haven't got around to it yet. Every once in a while they get a letter from him asking how the musical is coming along. "Some day, we hope to get at it," Shuster says.

Meanwhile, they've enough on their hands to keep them busy. And despite all their sidelines, radio is still their first love.

"Our aim," they once reported, "is to build a really big-time Canadian comedy show—so big that even some Canadians may listen to it."

By any standards, they have certainly succeeded in doing that.



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—Norris in Vancouver Sun

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by J. A. McNeil

FROM youth I've been a culture-craving feller;
Such avid zest for art you never saw, sir.
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And read the sprightly plays of Bernard Shaw, sir.
I never drink my coffee from a saucer,
Or designate a stinker as a smeller.
I'd love to read the works of Geoffrey Chaucer—
But Chaucer really was the damnedest speller!

By nature I am gentle, meek and meller;
I've never been convicted by the law, sir.
I keep no stock of hooch within my cellar,
And do not use tobacco as a chaw, sir.
I never view a stripper's act that's raw, sir,
Or read the *Daily Star* (I think it's yeller).
I yearn to read the works of Geoffrey Chaucer—
But Geoffrey really was the damnedest speller!

When Dickens wrote of Drood, or Sammy Weller,
His tomes were read with either glee or awe, sir,
And Hogarth's skill impressed each London dweller
With wonder at the scenes that he could draw, sir.
The verse of Rabbie Burns is blithe and braw, sir,
And that of Moore to Irish ears is sweller.
To theirs I'd add the name of Geoffrey Chaucer—
But Chaucer really was the damnedest speller!

L'Envoi

FORBEAR-R-R, guid friend, before ye gang awa', sir-r-r,
To set me down an unregenerate heller;
I've tried to read the works of Geoffrey Chaucer—
But Geoff, believe me, was the damnedest speller!

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BOOK REVIEWS

KEEN-EYED vs. STARRY-EYED

by B. K. Sandwell

AMERICAN DIPLOMACY—by George F. Kennan—Gage—$3.00.

THIS book, on the foundations (or lack of them) of American international policy during the half-century in which the United States became a leading power and finally *the* leading power, is exactly what the American public needs. If that public needs it, it may save the nation to which it is addressed, and the world, a great deal of misery. We hope it sells five million copies in the U.S.

Its author was for twenty-five years a highly responsible officer of the State Department, and wrote the two famous "Mr. X" articles in *Foreign Affairs*, which are reprinted in this book as an appendix. His thesis is that the American democracy is not sufficiently informed or sufficiently wise to exercise properly the controlling influence which it has done on American policy.

The American approach to international problems, he says, is legalistic-moralistic. "It has in it something of the old emphasis on arbitration treaties, something of the Hague Conferences and schemes for universaal disarmament, something of the more ambitious American concepts of the role of international law, something of the League of Nations and the United Nations, something of the Kellogg Pact, something of the idea of a universal 'Article 51' pact, something of the belief in World Law and World Government."

And finally "It is the belief that it should be possible to suppress the chaotic and dangerous aspirations of governments in the international field by the acceptance of some system of legal rules and restraints." It stems in part from memory of the origin of the American nation as a union of thirteen formerly sovereign States, accompanied by a failure to realize that that achievement occurred in exceptionally favorable circumstances and cannot be duplicated at will all over the globe.

Mr. Kennan does not want to take diplomatic affairs out of the control of the American democracy. He has even no hope of achieving an improvement in the machinery by which that democracy exerts its control, such as a responsible Cabinet on the British model. He wants the American democracy to employ a better, more realistic, concept of the international scene than this legalistic-moralistic one, a concept which will take account of power situations as well as theories, of battleships as well as morals, and will see human beings and the nations which they compose as subject to greed, fear, ambition, pride and all the human qualities, and proceed to deal with them as such.

He wants Americans to be keen-eyed as well as starry-eyed.

"I Bought A Star"
THOMAS FIRBANK

Punctured Romance

by John L. Watson

NUMBER NINE — by A. P. Herbert — *British Book Service*—$2.50.

THE THEME of A.P.H.'s. latest novel is the well known "week-end house-party" at which candidates for the British civil service are observed and psychologically tested. The time is 1955—two years after the conclusion of World War III which had ended in a disastrous defeat for the armies of the Soviet; the scene is Hambone Hall, formerly country seat of Admiral of the Fleet, the Earl of Conway and Stoke, now officially designated as a "Civil Service Country House". The Admiral has been relegated to the dower-house but he keeps a jealous eye on the Hall. When his son, Lieutenant the Viscount Anchor, RN, comes home on leave he contrives to be admitted to the house as a civil-service candidate. His one idea is to throw such a whopping spanner into the machinery that the whole business will grind to a stop, never again to be restarted. How he succeeds (and *how* he succeeds!) is the substance of this amusing comedy by one of the world's best known and best loved humorists.

A. P. Herbert is so well known that it would seem unnecessary for him to imitate anyone else; and yet in this novel he appears to be making a stupendous effort to out-Wodehouse Wodehouse. Now this is something that no one can do successfully (except Wodehouse himself) and a writer as funny as A. P. Herbert ought not to try it; he is essentially a more sophisticated wit.

The characters are—well, "characters": The Admiral is a blazing caricatures of all the water-borne Blimps that ever were; Dr. Maple is the psychiatrist to end all psychiatrists; Joy Daly the queen-empress of nymphomaniacs; Peach Meridew, an affecting young blonde with a penchant for saying "Goody!", is every elderly gentleman's idea of what a modern young woman should be—pure but not priggish.

I though it a very amusing story—but Dr. Brock Chisholm, who knows a lot more about psychiatry than I do, might conceivably disagree.

—Ronald Searle
JACKET: "NUMBER NINE"

Civilian Soldier

by Kim McIlroy

I BOUGHT A STAR — by Thomas Firbank — *Clarke, Irwin*—$2.50.

OF THE dozens of war books which have appeared in the last ten years, this one rings the truest as an account of the conversion of an ordinary civilian into a soldier and of that soldier's further military career. And all this despite the fact that Col. Firbank's military career was hardly a typical one, including as it did training for the Guards' Brigade and service with the airborne forces.

Firbank (a Canadian, by the way, though he'd lived for a number of years in Britain and on the Continent) was an unpublished writer of 29 when the war broke out. He returned to London and attempted to enlist, in everything from the RAF to the AFS, without success. Then, through the influence of a cousin, he obtained a probationary commission in the Guards.

The account of his basic and advanced training is the best part of the book. From Sandhurst, he went on to become a Guards ensign in London, a subaltern with a service battalion, and an airborne officer in Africa, Italy, and Northern Europe, finishing his career as a full colonel commanding an airborne depot.

"I Bought A Star" is written with a great deal of humor, a close insight into the men and women with whom the author came in contact, and a lot of thought as to the significance and value of many aspects of army life.

Anyone who has been through the mill will enjoy every page of it. For other readers, it is still an engrossing

and extremely funny story of wartime adventure.

It is too bad, however, that one Canadian officer should quote another as saying, "That's my wife with our kid. Guess he's quite a big feller now. It's gone two years since I've seen him."

Sky Adventure

by William Sclater

LAST VOYAGE — by Ann Davison — *British Book Service—$3.00.*

THIS is a graphically-written, fast-moving autobiography of a young woman, an aviatrix, who became a pilot for the operator of a civil aerodrome at Hooton, Cheshire, England, in 1937, flying holiday-makers, charter flights, army co-operation and aerial photography in the tail-end of the pioneering era of stick-and-string aviation.

She fell in love with the operator and married him. The war, packing up civil aviation in England, turned their minds to the operation of sand and gravel quarries and a small, five-acre holding near Birkenhead where they raised goats, ducks and hens.

The five-acre holding was too small to farm and they sought an island in the sea but settled for one in Loch Lomond. There, despite the difficulties of getting started they were successful. Life on the land was monotonous however and they were people who had known the high adventure of the skies. Deciding to buy a boat and sail the seas to other lands they sold out.

Boats were costly in these postwar days. They found one but extensive refitting was necessary and finally, with the boat almost ready for sailing they found themselves heavily in debt. Seeing no other way out—short of abandoning the whole idea — they sailed anyway, secretly, on a Sunday tide for the Irish sea and the Atlantic.

But the sea was another element, with which neither one was sufficiently familiar and their craft called for a crew of double the size. So began their last, ill-fated voyage into storm and tragedy. In the gripping, final chapter they put up a magnificent struggle against the unfamiliar element which slowly, relentlessly and surely took the toll of their shortcomings. Portland Bill, one of the worst headlands for small craft in the world was the scene of the final shipwreck of the lonely, storm-battered craft. Long hours later one numb, half-conscious survivor reached shore.

An exciting book this, of unusual people by a writer whose real promise may yet be fulfilled by her experience in the valley of the shadow through which she has come to us.

Surface Glance

by Hal Tracey

THE SPOILS OF TIME — by Philip Gibbs — *Ryerson—$3.25.*

VAST changes have taken place in England since the turn of the century. Here the changes are seen through the eyes of Val Haviland, son of an assistant editor of *The Times*, and of a beautiful mother who deserts her family of three to run away to Italy with a painter.

But the changes Mr. Gibbs mirrors are surface changes — the crumbling of the caste system had more fundamental causes than simply lack of money on the part of the landed gentry to keep up their fine old English homes, and the Labor Government has surely meant more than increased taxes and succession duties.

Similarly, Mr. Gibbs skims lightly over the surface of the psychological problems posed for Haviland by the return to London of his profligate mother, and the resulting discord set up between himself and his father and stepmother when he insists on seeing his real mother.

But Mr. Gibbs is a master at doing a novel up neatly in a nice little bow, and tucking in the loose ends. Just as Haviland seems about to lose his childhood sweetheart, Elizabeth Seymer, she breaks her engagement to another man, and becomes Val's bride instead. The reader is whipped quickly through World War II and its bombings, in one of which Elizabeth is injured, with resultant paralysis. Then Elizabeth dies on the evening Val's first play is being produced. His grief is neatly counterbalanced by his initial success as a playwright, although high taxes bar him from riches.

With her loss, his children become his main reason for life "with moments of happiness—the most any of us can get or expect"— and the closest the book ever comes to expressing more than a surface philosophy of life.

Writers & Writing

■ Is there no end to this sort of thing? We hope not—FRANK GILBRETH JR. has written book "I'm a Lucky Guy." With high good humor he tells what happened when he left "Cheaper by the Dozen" family for big world.

Now—if even half a dozen of the other children do this too, that escapist reading urge will be satisfied for long time to come.

■ ELSIE GILLIS, Edmonton, in East, captivated Press women by stories of far North; mentioned especially happy faces of Eskimo. Perhaps life in the Arctic gave her that glow too. Elsie and EUGENE MYLES are creators of "North Pole Boarding House," Canadian yarn of life between Poles—the True North Pole and the Magnetic.

■ We'll be able to read and see DOROTHY and CAMPBELL CHRISTIE'S London stage success, "His Excellency," this spring. Clarke, Irwin expects to release the Adrian Alington novel, based on the play, about same time J. Arthur Rank Organization will release film, also based on play and all by same name: problem of lively contemporary interest with Mediterranean island and naval dockyards strikes as background.

■ LESLIE ROBERT'S broadcast when he took a few of the gloomy school of writers in Canada for a ride didn't offend us too much. We think a lot of our editors are too gloomy too and we think the people who complain that we all lack a sense of humor are the gloomiest of the lot. Then there are the scowlers who complain nobody grins at them in streetcars—and no wonder! —*Rica*

ALICE RAVENHILL

An illustrated autobiography

Reading this fascinating life of Alice Ravenhill you will be amazed at the few years separating to-day's living and working conditions from those which Miss Ravenhill describes so vividly. At a time when the gutter was considered quite fit for servants—she cared whether the labourer's children had fresh milk, and whether the drains worked.

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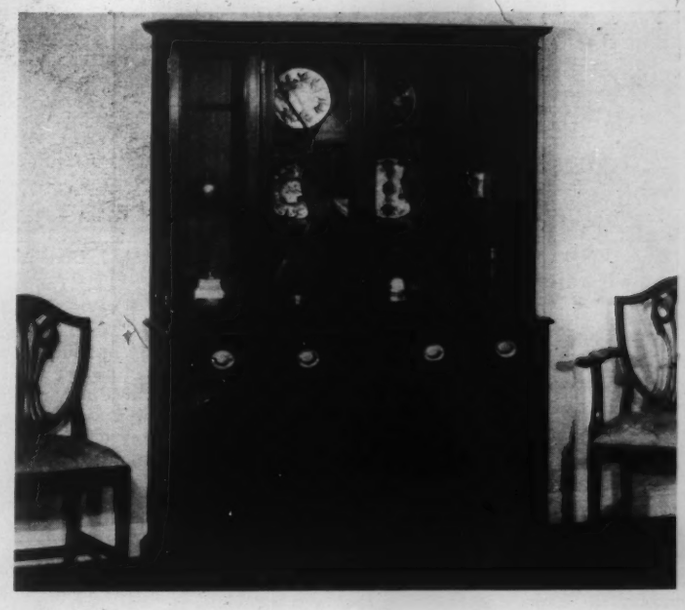
DENT



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WORLD OF WOMEN

I CLIMBED A LESSER EVEREST

by Jen Almas

The story of a girl who wanted to live in a tower in the forest . . . and did

—Hubert Beckett

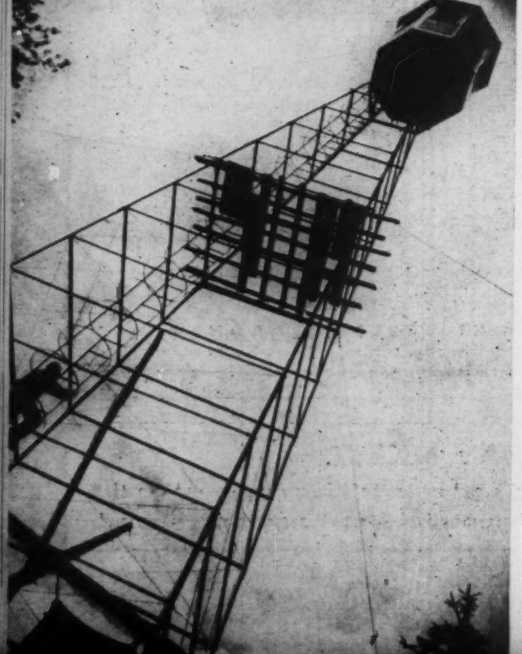
JEN ALMAS, Hamilton, Ontario, one of the few girl tower-"men" in Ontario's Forest Protection Service.

"WHAT DOES IT FEEL LIKE to be a towerman, Jen?" That is the question my friends asked when I returned from the north this fall, where I had served as one of the few girl tower-"men" in Ontario's Forest Protection Service.

For five summers I had cast covetous glances at Caribou Mountain with the ranger lookout tower on its summit. Then Caribou's towerman fell sick and I applied for the job, although I knew a girl in this line was practically unheard of. But I was lucky . . . ranger labor was scarce at the time. So with the dubious blessing of my Chief I assumed the responsibilities of the Caribou towerman.

Fortunately, this particular tower was situated only about a mile and a half from the village of Temagami, so I was able to return each evening to the Forestry Island which lies in the easterly end of Lake Temagami. Understandably enough, Department officials would not take the responsibility of posting a girl on one of the more isolated towers invariably manned by experienced bushmen.

SPIRAL STEEL HOOPS give climbers confidence.
—Ont. Dept. Lands and Forests



In department lingo, Caribou Tower is known as a "key tower," that is, the tower in the district or division to which the other towers in that particular area report hourly by radio. Such messages, and reports of fires are communicated by the key tower to headquarters where the necessary action is then taken.

When at all practical, a tower is located on the highest point in an area chosen to give the widest possible coverage. Caribou Mountain, for instance, is 1,370 feet above sea level. To erect, piece by piece, the eighty or one hundred feet of steel in the construction of a lookout tower is no mean feat.

The steel ladder leading up to the small 8′ x 8′ cabin perched on top of the tower looked terrifying, tall and steep, the first time I essayed it, but seemed less hazardous as time went on. In that tiny cabin, the lookout spends his working day scanning the horizon for that grey finger of smoke which invariably spells "Fire!"

THE TOWERMAN'S whole existence is dependent on the skittish moods of the weather. The fire season is usually May 1 to October 31. We work on "God's Time," and average working hours are 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. EST. But if the fire hazard is rated as "high" observers climb their towers early and reach their cabins—usually situated at the base of the tower or the shore of some easily accessible lake—late in the evening.

Because of its size, each tower cabin is furnished with only the minimum of equipment—radio, genemotor (to charge the battery), map-table, alidade (the instrument used to line up smokes) and binoculars. Each hour, the lookouts posted on the outlying towers in the area communicate with the key tower on Caribou and give a detailed weather report. Other messages may request supplies for a tower or some sub-division headquarters located far back in the bush; or, as all too often happens, may furnish the degrees on a smoke caused by some careless camper.

If I have conjured up a vision of some gimlet-eyed, minor Deity, constantly and assiduously surveying his green kingdom, don't mistake me. Certainly towermen are fire-conscious. We have to be. That's our job—but it's more than that.

PICTURE if you will a land of many colors; a vast eternity of green stretching far to the north and the south and the east and the west, threaded with the black of turbulent rivers and the shy blue-grey of placid lakes. Look up each hour and you will note an ever-changing sky; belligerent red of a sunrise, surly approach of a storm cloud, or clear blue calm of mid-day. In the silence of this timelessness it would seem that even the fleeting hour squats down to visit for a while. Yes, it's more than a job! Here indeed men can dream big. The restless world can't reach this high.

Life on the tower is not without amusing or very human incidents. Shortly before the towers were "closed out" last season, I relayed the message that one of our towermen had passed his exams with flying colors and had gained entrance to medical school. It was a real pleasure to switch on my radio, call this particular towerman and say, "Congratulations, Tom, you've made the team." Ever hear an ecstatic yelp over the air waves?

It happens every year! A dense haze in the distant valleys is mistaken for smoke by the inexperienced observer. When a frantic call for an "intersection" shot is radioed to the tower located in the vicinity of the "fire," it is embarrassing to find that your "smoke" was only early morning mist rising off some inland lake, or perhaps a belated "47" chugging leisurely up the Ontario Northland Railway tracks.

I don't feel quite so badly now that I know I'm not the first, and probably won't be the last observer to experience this humiliation, but it's a good many days before the veteran towermen let you forget it.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Wildlife is, of course, a source of unending interest. Observers, particularly those posted on the "bush" towers, have many opportunities to watch the forest creatures.

My own interest has always run to music, and though the pines were a noncommital audience, they apparently accepted with good grace my interpretation of various operatic arias. In a world as remote as the towerman's, certainly the "every man to his own poison" theory applies.

Visitors were always welcome, and after I had overcome my own apprehension of climbing the tower, it was interesting to note the various reactions of my "guests." Standing at the base of the tower and gazing upward through these spiralling hoops of steel, it is small consolation to hear a voice from the blue cry, "Come on up, there's nothing to it."

IF RAINFALL over a period of a day or two has been heavy enough to reduce the fire hazard to a "nil" rating, towermen stick pretty close to their living quarters and usually spend the day cleaning their cabins, baking, or pursuing their hobbies. For the sake of their own morale towermen are meticulous housekeepers. However, if there are not marked indications of a storm, no observer will take advantage of unfavorable conditions. "Weather" or not routine messages must go through.

Days can be dreary when visibility is poor, dampness spells sheer misery, and a light, lazy, but steady drizzle of rain promises no real quenching to a thirsty bush.

The life lived by majority of lookouts is a lonely one. With the exception of key towers, which are almost always situated within a few miles of a division or sub-division headquarters, towermen are often posted 20 to 35 miles distant from even a remnant of civilization. Many remote towers are accessible only by air.

Loneliness, acknowledged foe of the towerman, is taken into consideration by the department when hiring observers and quite often two men man towers in inaccessible areas. Sometimes it is a whole season before these towermen reach the "outside," although in many cases this is a matter of choice rather than necessity. Department aircraft fly in supplies every week and, weather permitting, towermen are at liberty to return with the plane at least once a month —usually when the cheques arrive. The veteran observer, like all outdoorsmen, is satisfied and happy in this life and returns year after year to man his lofty perch in the wilderness.

Next summer, on that vacation into the northland, plan to visit a lookout tower. Their official purpose is spotting fires—but who wouldn't climb such a mountain to see the land of lakes and streams in its enduring loveliness?

These midget Everests aren't nearly as remote as you may think. Ontario's No. 11 Highway is dotted with lookout towers—from Toronto to the end of the line at Cochrane, west to the Manitoba border, and east to the Quebec boundary—and after all No. 11 is only an extension of Toronto's teeming Yonge Street.

THE FULLER LIFE

PUBLICITY FOR GERALDINE

by Iris Power

"LOOK HERE," Geraldine said to me one day, as I was busy at the weekly wash, "why don't you write a story about me?"

"Don't be a goose, Geraldine," I answered irrationally, for Geraldine *was* a goose. Yes, yes, I know geese don't go around talking to people, but Geraldine was a very intelligent goose and her face was so expressive that all I had to do was translate into words what I read in it.

Now, if you'll allow me to continue. Geraldine bristled as she retorted. "Sure I'm a goose, but so are you and so are a lot of other people I know. There are geese and geese, you know. I'm one and I admit it—do you admit it or any of your friends?" Having thought that over, I was forced to admit that I don't admit I'm a goose—but as an excuse, I hastily offered that I am not a real goose like Geraldine, I only act like one sometimes.

Geraldine had no patience with that and getting back to the subject she insisted I should write a story about her. "Why," I asked, "what have you done that makes you outstanding?" "Absolutely nothing," said Geraldine, "that's why you should write about me. I'm a good, respectable mother who manages her household beautifully. I don't get into any trouble. If others with less virtues and more vices can break into print, why shouldn't I?"

GERALD GANDER at that moment stepped into the kitchen and nodded at Geraldine. Without a word she waddled off to bestow some excellent maternal care upon her goslings. Gerald followed her out the door after I had given him a tidbit and I wondered what had got into Geraldine's head that she was so anxious for publicity.

But what could I tell about Geraldine? She was a beautiful goose, as geese go, and she had a handsome mate. Gerald was all that anyone could desire in a male. He had a fine figure, a resolute determination to order his life, his wife, and his goslings.

Although there was never any question who was boss, Gerald never took advantage of his superiority. He used discretion in all things and was much respected by everyone, both in the farmyard and beyond the fence.

Geraldine had everything to make the female of the species happy—or so I thought until one day she came in as I was waxing the floor. After she had slithered to a stop against the leg of the table, I heard about the newly-formed Greater Goose Club whose aims and ideals were to further the cause of females everywhere, to cultivate the intellect by studying the work of the United Nations and the devotion of energy towards a suitable project.

As President, Geraldine told me, it was more than likely that she would attend conventions. There was nothing like attending conventions to foster international understanding—one could understand much better by personal contact than writing any number of letters. Besides, just think of all the luncheons and dinners and tours that delegates take in. And free —for everyone rolls out the carpet for women whose aims and ideals were so high that it was possible they might revolutionalize society.

"But Geraldine, what about the project? What real work will you do?" Visions of every child in the slums becoming rosily well-fed, well-clothed with Santa Claus to visit them at Christmas instead of the Boy Scouts and The Tragedy of the Empty Stocking, rose before me and I was all for feminine organizations that would work towards that end. But Geraldine looked doubtful. "We haven't been able to decide upon a project yet—there are so few that are suitable and the best ones have been grabbed up by the male service clubs."

A couple of monthly meetings later, Geraldine told me they still hadn't decided on a project. "Anyway," she said, "we'll have to defer any further discussion of one until I come back—I'm going to a convention!"

That was the beginning and Geraldine got plenty of publicity. She was chairman of this and vice-president of that, until finally Geraldine was so busy rushing from one meeting to another, that her family rarely saw her. But Gerald wasn't the kind of male to put up with that kind of thing for long. Firmly, he told her, she would have to settle down to raising her family.

However, Gerald being considerate, agreed to let Geraldine go on one last convention.

The convention was held in a foreign country, where it appears, some people were actually starving. Geraldine, by now a fat, matronly goose, was abducted one night on the way back to her hotel from a meeting and the next time she turned up it was on a platter. There was no *corpus delicti* but the bones were identified and the affair very nearly became an international incident.

Committees from all the clubs she'd joined got together and erected a monument to her. Her story was written in stone after much wrangling among the club members as to the exact wording of it. They all agreed, however, on the last line, which was to be written in gold letters—"She died that others might live."

Elizabeth Arden

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About Women

A YEAR OLD this week is Toronto's Inter-Club Committee for Women in Public Affairs. Last Monday they held their first annual meeting. This formidable title is shortened by the hard-working women to ICC.

Sparked by the Toronto Women's University Club, the ICC was set in motion as part of the broader Dominion movement in the Canadian Federation of University Women. Its aims: to maintain and promote the legal and economic status of women by representation in government and on national and international bodies. In a word, to secure able women to run for public office and to back them to the hilt.

About 25 Toronto women's clubs are behind the ICC movement, including such powerful ones as local IODE branches, Business and Professional Women's Club, Heliconian, as well as service clubs, church and social groups, embracing Protestant, Roman Catholic and Jewish faiths.

The ICC is headed by an executive of seven elected members and by one liaison from each of the 25 clubs. Prominent women interested in the ICC include MRS. H. B. HORKINS, MRS. W. H. CLARKE of Clarke, Irwin, book publishers, MABEL STOAKLEY, EVELYN MACDONALD, writer MARY QUAYLE INNIS, MRS. HUME DAKIN, NAZLA DANE, OLWYN CHAPPELLE.

First blood was tasted in the Toronto civic elections when the ICC got behind MRS. MAY ROBINSON, running for Alderman, and MRS. NELLIE TENNANT, in her second try for the Board of Education. "I don't say the ICC put them in," says Evelyn Macdonald, "but we did stir up a lot of interest among the women voters in their Wards."

■ And as if to give verbal proof that women are interested in fostering interest in women, we received a phone call to say we had omitted to mention in our election round-up that MRS. BETH NEALSON topped the polls in her first try for the Board of Education in Leaside (on outskirts of Toronto).

■ The CBC is running a radio series about prominent women through the centuries, under the title of "Deeds that Live." You might like to catch up with the rest of the programs. Jan. 24, MARY ELIZABETH COLEMAN of Vancouver speaks on Helen Gregory MacGill, pioneer in juvenile court work in Canada; Jan. 31, CHRISTINE LESLIE of Saint John, NB, on Margaret Bondfield of the British Labor party; Feb. 7, MARY QUAYLE INNIS of Toronto on Winnifred Holt's work for the education of the blind; Feb. 14, EDITH ROWLES of Winnipeg on Ellen Richards and home economics; Feb. 21, Mrs. Innis again on Raziya of India; Feb. 28, HARRIET HILL of Montreal, to sum up the series.

■ The Quebec Government is making progress—femininely speaking. It has hired its first women doctors. They are Drs. FRANCOISE LESSARD and MARGUERITE DORION. Both are from Quebec City, graduating from Laval in 1948; and then taking their degrees in Public Health at the University of Montreal.

LIGHTER SIDE

EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

by Mary Lowrey Ross

ANDY was a pickup. He was sitting in the middle of the sidewalk one fall evening with his paws neatly folded under his chest, and when I came along he rose politely and trotted towards me, his tail aloft a proud though tattered plume. He followed me home and walked into the house as though he belonged there. In no time at all he did.

There was the preliminary problem of getting him accepted by Lulu, our resident cat. Lulu is alert, curious, resourceful, intelligent and rather chilly emotionally. By temperament she is the perfect social worker, and when she had investigated Andy thoroughly she gave him a good wash and left him alone. After that I conscientiously posted neighborhood notices describing Andy ("Part-Persian male cat, white vest, grey saddle) and hoped nobody would turn up to claim him. Nobody did, though he was a charming cat. He was eager and polite and a fool for affection. He was talented and enjoyed playing the piano at night.

Andy had no fund of cat-reserve and it took him a long time to learn that cool tolerance was Lulu's nearest approach to feeling. When she irritably cuffed him away he would climb happily into the nearest lap or trot out to the street to make up with strangers. We had to keep a sharp eye on him all fall, for he was almost irresistibly adoptable.

In time, and for a period, he learned to leave Lulu alone. Then as his kittenhood vanished his attitude changed. He fell in love, though he didn't know it yet, and his feeling took the adolescent form of wrestling and general rowdiness. Lulu didn't seem to mind. She had had a long rest from kitten-rearing and she had sized him up as callow but rather attractive.

The word got round as it always does and presently the back fence was pricked with expectant ears. The black Persian from the nursing home turned up at the dining-room window, a grey cat and a black-and-white came down the street, and an immense orange tom, bristlingly virile, arrived from across the fences. As the weather grew colder the excitement increased. Lulu who had lost interest in Andy demanded to be let outdoors and Andy trailed after her, bewildered but happy. There would be an intermittent chorus, and then they would all take off across the garden and past the windows — whoosh — black-and-white and grey and orange, with Lulu dodging ahead like a mechanical rabbit in a whippet race and Andy tumbling happily through snowdrifts in the rear. "Hey fellows, where's the fire? Wait up!"

The *Walpurgisnacht* festival reached its climax on the coldest night of the year, and was held, fortunately for us, in a garage across the street. Lulu had been out since morning, and after dinner Andy demanded to be allowed out too. He was polite but insistent and I let him go, though with misgivings. He started out gaily in the direction of the demoniac chorus across the street, and I never saw him again.

We searched for Andy all day and the next week, tramping knee-deep through the winter's worst blizzard. We posted notices and rewards. I notified the local school principal, who obligingly broadcast our loss on the school address system, and the schoolchildren arrived, bringing cats and rumors of cats, none of them Andy. Lulu came and went and no one paid any attention, for Lulu is clever and tireless and would probably work her way home through the White Hell of Pitts Palu if she wanted her dinner. I said at intervals, as one does, that I hoped now Andy would never come back, since it would only mean going through this all over again later. Then, as one does, I started out once more to track cat-prints in the snow.

It is quite possible that some kindly people took him in. If they did and if they proved hospitable he probably adopted them on sight. He had few discriminations and no loyalties; nothing, in fact but his fumbling conquering charm. With the Andy-type this is usually enough.

Lulu of course hadn't missed him at all.

Lulu's mother was a show-cat, but Lulu is the product of an unregulated affair in an alley. Because of this and of certain flaws guaranteed not to affect her wearing qualities — she has one bright blue eye and one vivid yellow one — we got her cheap. We brought her home and treated her with unremitting kindness, and Lulu has repaid us over the years with unrelenting indifference.

She frequently comes up to my room when I am working, though only for the sake of the sunny south window ledge. Occasionally when I look up I find her staring at me. I stare back at her, and nothing whatever passes between us.

We mean to keep it that way. If one of us were to disappear tomorrow neither would feel a quiver of loss. Lulu won't disappear, however, for she has an unswerving sense of loyalty. It is a bleak virtue, but at least it does not involve any threat of attendant grief.

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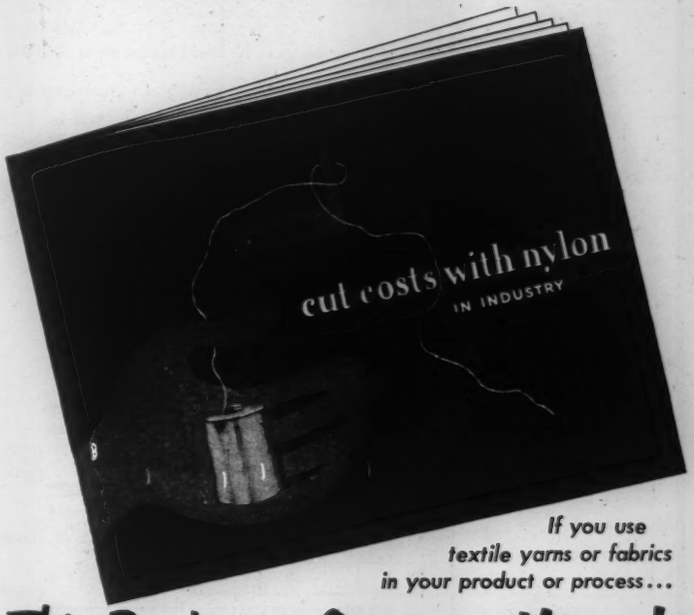

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BRAIN-TEASER

LET THERE BE LIGHT

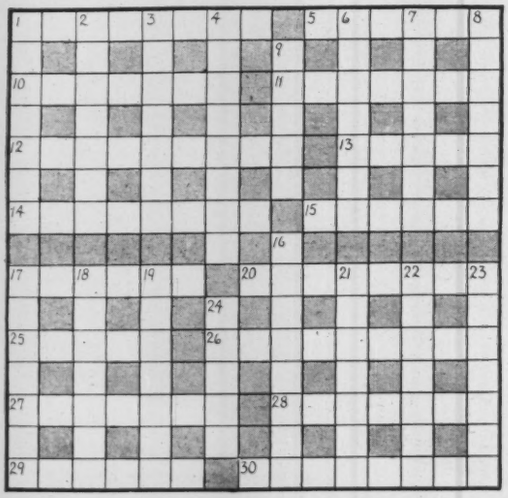
by Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. and 23. Was in the dark, but woke up! (4,4,3,4)
5. They'll never cold-shoulder you. (6)
10. Work without using the head (well oiled, perhaps). (7)
11. Yon cord ties up the shepherd. (7)
12. This dope dares to be reckless. (9)
13. Across the bay from 4. (5)
14. Patrons charge (and are charged) for this accommodation—— (4,4)
15. —from which these are often viewed. (6)
17. Goddess of 23. (6)
20. "No night so wild but brings the . . . . . sun". (8)
25. Move back in the bus! (5)
26. Quality of Elgar's "Gerontius"? (9)
27. Fault that merited a shakeup? (7)
28. Staged in La Scala, Toscanini conducting. (2, 5)
29. When Ra gets that sinking feeling. (6)
30. He ate to kill! (8)

DOWN

1. 23 comes up like this out of 13 in "4". (7)
2. Scenes a shift will transform. (7)
3. Their cash payments may be 25. (7)
4. See 13. (8)
6. Chariot for French vegetarians? (7)
7. Marched to Mendelssohn? 17's across is danced to Tschaikowsky. (7)
8. They can be cloudy, too. (7)
9. What 3 make differently in the descendant. (5)
16. 17's across night lights. (8)
17. Use a bad arrangement of early music. (7)
18. As a rule a regiment gets no little thanks. (7)
19. You can't a 14. (7)
21. Total wreckage of an Irish Hall on this island. (7)
22. Calls for a change, as Ella's was one of these. (7)
23. See 1 across.
24. Dotes on Clifford as a playwright. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. 23, 8 and 6. Everything but the kitchen sink
6. See 1 across
10. Golf links
11. Octet
12. Gun moll
13. Ostrich
14. Sing-song
16. Prison
18. Campus
20. Handicap
24. Breslau
25. Astolat
27. Aloes
28. Trousseau
29. Eyes
30. Penny stock

DOWN

1. Engages 2. Ellen
3. Yellows 4. Handling
5. Nestor 7. Intrinsic
8. See 1 across
9. Foster
15. Number one
17. Macaroon
18. Cabbage 19. Unless
21. Detests
22. Pot luck
23. See 1 across
26. Lie to

(193)

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CONCERNING FOOD

Spain's Almond Soup

by Marjorie Thompson Flint

IF YOUR AMBITION is to travel, to enjoy foods of other lands and to experience new taste sensations, then the "New World Wide Cook Book" by Madame Pearl V. Metzelthin (Copp, Clark, $6.50) would be just your dish. This is a new and revised edition of a book written quite a few years ago when Mme. Metzelthin, wife of a distinguished diplomat, "kept house" in 11 different countries and circled the globe five times. The author creates the atmosphere of each country in the section preceding the recipes and sample menus of that country's cuisine. Recipes have been adapted and tested to suit American kitchens, measurements and the foodstuffs available. Here you will learn how to run up a seven or eight layer Dobas Torta of Hungary, or a Costa Rican version of Fricassee of Guinea Fowl.

This is one of the recipes we found particularly good:

Almond Soup

Or the *Sopa de Almendras* of Spain, and very elegant it is.

4 tsp. flour
4 tsp. butter
3½ cups chicken stock
⅛ tsp. mace
⅜ sprig fresh thyme
⅜ tsp. dry mustard
1 large clove crushed
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1 cup (4 oz.) blanched almonds, grated
1½ cups cream
⅜ tsp. paprika
¼ cup (1 oz.) blanched almonds, slivered

Mix flour and butter together and add to cool stock and blend smoothly. Allow to heat and come to the boil. Mix seasonings with grated almonds and add to hot stock. Cover tightly and simmer over low heat for ½ hour and strain. Heat cream, add to soup and stir over fire. Do not boil. Serve individually and garnish with paprika and almonds. Serves six.

This recipe for a dessert sounds pleasant. It is to be found in the Lesser Antilles section of the book.

Creme de Coco (Coconut Cream)

2 cups milk
2 tbsp. plain gelatine
2 cups whipping cream
¼ tsp. salt
½ cup icing sugar
2 cups freshly grated coconut

Soften gelatine in 2 tbsp. cold milk and heat remaining milk to boiling point. Stir in gelatine and dissolve. Cool quickly and then chill. When syrupy fold in whipped cream, salt, sugar and coconut. Pour into ring, oval or fancy shaped mould rinsed with cold water. Chill 4 to 6 hours. Unmould and serve with Chocolate Sauce.

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YOU TAKE THE BEAVERS...

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

danger of wandering too far from fundamentals, which is exactly what the sports fan does when he begins to confuse with the game of baseball the fact that Lippy So-and-So always throws his glove on the ground and sticks his chin in the umpire's face every time things go against him.

The worst part of it is that all this expertness has lead to a weird brand of mass intolerance. Nobody thinks any less of a person because he doesn't know who is the world's champion pole vaulter, polo player, mountain climber, big-game hunter, ballet dancer, nuclear physicist, soprano, violinist or great-horned-grebe observer. But mention that you don't know who the New York Giants are and you get yourself looked at as someone nobody would want to trust with a payroll, or a vote. Mention that you don't *care* who they are, and you're regarded as someone who doesn't belong to the human race. In the U.S., particularly, the whole hobby has become so identified with virtue that baseball has become the symbol of everything that is wholesome, anti-Communist, manly, North American and socially sound, and any objections are met with the argument, stated or implied, that good sportsmanship builds good citizens.

Now, not to mention the behavior of the average baseball fan, the basic idea in team sports in North America is never to admit anything detrimental to your chances of winning. Or maybe *you* can imagine a catcher for, say, the Brooklyn Dodgers, saying to his team-mates, "Look, I'm sorry, fellows, but he *was* safe, you know." Baseball players use bean balls and spikes, hockey players fight more than they play; football players deliberately try to maim the best man on the other team early in the game, and fighters break one another's hearing apparatus and jar their minds so loose that they spend the rest of their days in alleys shadow boxing with garbage pails. I have personally seen them use their thumbs like can-openers. This may be stimulating stuff for the audience, but if it represents good citizenship, give me a nice quiet anarchy.

ALL IN ALL, something phoney has taken over the field of athletics, and it's one of the worst things that have come out of the U.S., next to Olsen and Johnson, comic books, Pa and Ma Kettle and movie cartoons that, at the touch of the animator's magic brush, turn our fairy princesses into Hollywood cuties, and the rest of the characters into Sunday-night radio comics.

When I was a boy, I spent a lot of time with a kid named Eddie Miller who was, as far as I know, the farthest thing from an athlete so far produced by nature. If Eddie tried to jump a fence, he came down in a great commotion of grunts, ripping pants, clattering boots and startled profanity. In a fight he lowered his shaven head, charged his tormentor in a murderous frenzy of flailing arms, and got knocked cold. He couldn't catch a ball, throw a ball, bat a ball or even hold a ball. He was the despair of his father, a handsome, hawk-nosed fierce-looking man who followed baseball with religious fervour.

But the thing I liked about Eddie was his healthy, if precocious, sense of satire. On the evening of a world's series game, when his father would look up from a glass of a particularly potent brand of home brew, and ask, "Who won the game, Eddie?" Eddie would look him right in the eye and say, "I think Underwood Typewriter edged out Remington Rand by two goals." His father, mumbling soft oaths, would disappear down the cellar to finish up the rest of the brew.

And to this day, when I see someone come into a room and, before asking the news about Korea, the peace talks or the latest disarmament proposals, ask with grave concern; "Who won the game?" I always feel like saying, "I think Remington Rand edged out Underwood Typewriter."

I STILL KEEP working, or whatever I'm doing, during the world's series, which is played 500 miles away by a bunch of guys I've never met, and get somebody to tell me who won. I still don't particularly care for the type who takes a portable radio to a game so that he'll know who won some other game in another city and whether or not what's going on in the field means anything. And the character who starts a conversation with "You take the Beavers, they're not the team they used to be," and continues all night figuring out that if the Beavers beat the Badgers, the Bearcats who play in some other league and who have never met the Badgers, will automatically be in first place and the ones to play the Beavers, leaves me sitting on the edge of my chair wishing I could go home, make a toasted cheese sandwich and pick up a good book about someone who tried to climb a mountain—or just go home.

Personally, I'd rather watch Eddie Miller trying to jump a fence. For the brief moment he was soaring through the air, at least, he was a lot closer to athletics than most people who follow sports.

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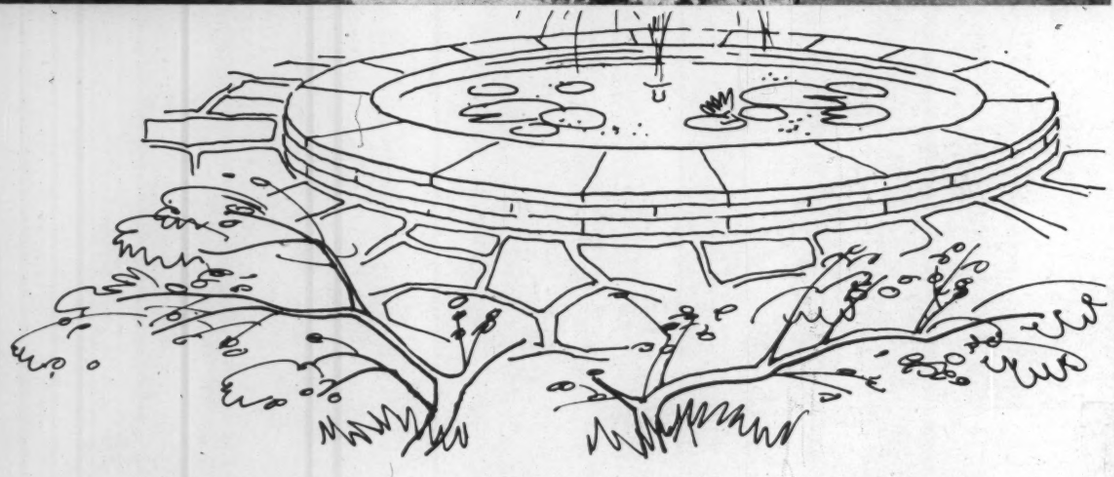

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